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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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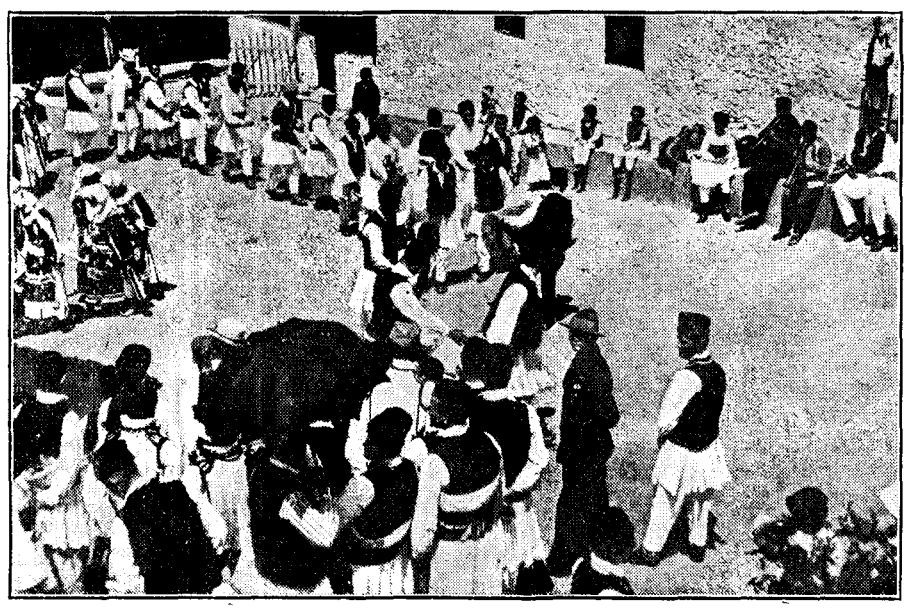

SOUTH SERBIAN PEASANTS DANCING THE KOLO
From "The Native's Return."

The Ideal of an Epoch

PASSION'S PILGRIMS. Men of Good Will. Vol. II. By Jules Romains. Translated by Warre B. Wells. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN this second volume of the English translation of *Hommes de Bonne Volonté* (the two English volumes being equal to four of the French original), Jules Romains continues to unroll, expand, elaborate, and diversify the mighty multiple novel of Parisian life which he aspires to make, and which promises to become one of the prose masterpieces of our age. His ambition is heroic. To what heights and depths and lengths it will carry him, it is idle to predict; and he has warned us against forming our critical opinions prematurely, after the fashion of those passersby who are quick to praise or condemn a building that is still under construction. But we have already been privileged to read a thousand pages of this novel; we have been told that these pages may be taken as the "first part" of the whole; and it is not too early to conclude that we are watching a master at work,—a master of extraordinary range and vision, possessed of profound human sympathies, capable of brilliant versatility, and animated by unflagging vigor. Only an evil chance, it seems, can cause his hand to falter before the end. He is an author inspired by a tremendous imaginative and historical theme; and all evidence points to his having thought his way through his complex subject before putting on paper the first lines of his vast design.

His story is the story of Paris, perhaps the story of French civilization, beginning on the sixth of October, 1908, and ending—we must wait for him to tell us when. The story opens with Paris going to work on that remarkably beautiful autumn morning. After a thousand pages our chronological advance measures barely three months, but our acquaintance with the city and its inhabitants has widened and deepened steadily. "The object of this first part," writes Romains, "has been to put us in the widest possible contact with the period which serves us as a threshold. The course of particular events was of less importance than their common origin, and of less importance than our making the acquaintance of set-

(*Continued on page* 449)

An Immigrant Goes Back to the Balkans

THE NATIVE'S RETURN. By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE Americans of the nineteenth century were the not always grateful subjects of a rich literature of criticism, description, and analysis. From de Tocqueville and his French predecessors of the revolutionary period, through Frederika Bremer, Mrs. Trollope, Fanny Kemble, Dickens, they and their country were written about as a museum of novelties in politics, economics, and social intercourse. They made no adequate return, for Europe to them was not so much a novelty as a remembrance. "Innocents Abroad" was naive burlesque, and the many travel books of voyagers to the old country were more likely to be sentimental and reminiscent than analytical. Even Hawthorne, Irving, and Emerson were better at recording memorials of the past than the psychology of the present. Europe, for us, was literally the old world.

But here in "The Native's Return" is a new kind of book. Louis Adamic is no

(*Continued on page* 450)

Roof-Tree

By MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

MEN say my husband never saw
The forest for the trees.
Where roads are ribbed in corduroy,
He saw these.

Above the line of second growth
He searched the sky to find
An oak whose girth was equal to
The frame-work in his mind.

When his eye lit on the berries
That clump a mountain ash,
For him there stood a cupboard and
The makings of a sash.

And where a moosewood maple
Flamed scarlet in the air,
He saw it turn a corner and
He saw it mount a stair.

Last, chancing on a willow tree,
He knew each yellow rib,
Was wicker that a woman might
Be weaving for a crib.

Literature and Individualism

BY J. DONALD ADAMS

SINCE I am writing in reply to the article entitled "The Liberals Grow Old," which Mr. Bernard Smith contributed to the December 30th issue of *The Saturday Review*, it may be best if, before advancing to the attack, I run quickly over the lines of Mr. Smith's position. Its essentials may, I think, be fairly stated as follows:

Liberalism as an effective agent in literary criticism (both in its esthetic and philosophical aspects) is dying, if not dead. There is little or no common ground between those men who may still be designated as liberals; they are in fact reduced to a minor party, "and one which does not include within it many of the most exciting critics of our day." Their liberalism has reached the end of its tether because they no longer know what they want. They have become unsure of their ground, for "liberalism is individualism, and individualism as a social premise, and hence as the cultural base of esthetic and philosophical criticism, is hardly sacrosanct today." They are no longer creative critics; they are merely voices of opposition, intent chiefly upon drowning out the Marxists. They do not themselves "posit a way of life or a conception of art that could presumably satisfy insistent human needs."

Thus have such men as Van Wyck Brooks, Waldo Frank, and Ludwig Lewisohn surrendered their titles to be leaders and prophets. And so with the men "who have never essayed prophetic roles"—such critics as Carl Van Doren, Henry Seidel Canby, and Robert Morss Lovett; their standards are "no longer creative," as they were when "they stood for deliverance from orthodoxies, rules, and the academy"—a work which has been accomplished. In short, we must regard the liberal critics as having played their roles and outlived their usefulness; the work of liberation to which they all contributed is done; the prophets among them gave us the vision of a culture worthy of a great nation, but they cannot tell us how it is to be achieved.

"To draw conclusions," says Mr. Smith, "would be gilding the lily." But precisely where do we find ourselves at the end of his argument? We are offered, by implication at least, the choice between recognizing in the Marxist school a definite, reasoned approach and a tangible goal, or of living on in a dead world fashioned out of our nostalgia and our unwillingness to open our eyes to the light of a new world which is in process of birth about us. Since Mr. Smith suggests the Marxist position as the only palpable basis for a positive and creative criticism, it seems only fitting that we should first inform ourselves regarding what that position has to offer.

We need not be long detained by the frenzied gesturing of those American communist intellectuals who insist upon judging a piece of creative literature by the measure of its contribution to the advancement of the class struggle. The follies, and the injustices, which have been committed in the name of criticism by such an attitude, are familiar to all who have followed the critical wars of the last few years. Novelists of proved ability have been reproached for concerning themselves with phases of life intimately known to them, and their achievements minimized because they had the good sense to avoid other phases of which they had no first-hand knowledge, and concerning which they were unable to draw from that fund of conscious and sub-conscious memory, formed in childhood and youth, which is so vital a part of the creative writer's equipment. The unsoundness of these critics' position has been amply demonstrated by Henry Hazlitt and others; its weakness has even been acknowledged under the parental roof, to the end that Soviet art and criticism are today enjoying a new measure of comparative freedom.

But if we need not dwell upon this particular aspect of Marxist myopia, it will not be unrewarding if we pause to examine the doctrine which lies at the heart of the economic interpretation of literature. Perhaps it may be permitted us to present that doctrine in the words of Anatole Lunacharsky. The former Soviet Commissar for Education was a penetrating, if biased, critic. "One could easily prove," he wrote, "that a great writer is always the product of a great social crisis."

> It goes without saying [he continued] that the so-called organic periods, when one class or another, having absolute sway over society, unfolds its program unhampered by anyone, conduce to the creation of mature, or—as some say—*classical* works of art. The formal definition of classicism is a complete agreement between form and content, perfect equilibrium. From this standpoint it is easy to discern, in history, the oft-repeated phenomenon of aggressive romanticism, when a new class fights its way up to the zenith, and though possessing a wealth of thought and emotion, is unable to find an adequate form of expressing them; likewise it is easy to descry the periods of retreating and tottering romanticism, which may find expression in mysticism, or a dismal pessimistic outlook.

Lunacharsky then goes on to remind us that classical art contains within it the seed of formalism, and to maintain that classicism "is incapable of producing art throbbing with genuine life."

> Let us once more emphasize [he says] that great writers are the product of great social shufflings, and of acute social struggle. Great writers appear either on the crest of an oncoming surge of a

This Week

KEMMERER ON MONEY
By EDWIN WALTER KEMMERER
Reviewed by Frank A. Vanderlip

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL
By REARDEN CONNER
Reviewed by Patric Farrell

A MODERN TRAGEDY
By PHYLLIS BENTLEY
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

LORD RIDDELL'S INTIMATE DIARY
Reviewed by Frank H. Simonds

A NEWSPAPER PERSONALITY
By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

Next Week or Later

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER
By SINCLAIR LEWIS

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S WORKSHOP
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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rising class or on a retreating wave of a class whose power is ebbing away.

It is not my purpose to dispute the truth of that doctrine. I am ready, even, with certain reservations, to grant its validity. What I wish to do is to direct your attention to its implications for a state dedicated to Marxian principles. It is correct to say, is it not, that the paramount concern of such a state is to build a classless

LUDWIG LEWISOHN
Photograph by Ilse Bing, Paris

society? Then, granted the feasibility of erecting and maintaining such a social order (which I am distinctly not prepared to do) what, in this Ultima Thule of economic betterment, is to become of "art throbbing with genuine life"? Then indeed, if we follow the relentless march of Marxian logic, must literature come into its Dead Sea epoch, and no vitality be present in any form of art, for from what [illegible] then be fed? Suffer an soil of literature, as they are of life itself. Remove the possibility of change, tear down the bases of struggle, and an art must follow more formalized than anything produced in periods when "one class or another has absolute sway."

It is, of course, not simply because art would atrophy in a static, classless state, that some of us turn a deaf ear to the Marxian Lorelei. For some of us the philosophy of communism has no appeal because it is a negative philosophy, rooted in hatred, because it holds up a cowardly way of life as the good life. Its most emphasized promise to its adherents is the promise of material security. Is security the most precious prize for which human beings may strive? Is the quest of it the utmost measure of man's courage and aspiration? And is its attainment worth the sacrifice of those satisfactions which can sometimes be had only at the price of insecurity? It is a poor half-loaf the Marxists offer us, nor have we yet reached the point where they can aptly tell us that a half-loaf is better than none.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Smith, while intoning the swan song of liberalism, diverts our attention from the real matter at issue. What we seem to be forgetting, in this enormously exciting world of the third decade in the twentieth century, is that so far as the interests of art and culture are concerned, it does not matter a tinker's dam whether our critics, in their political and economic convictions, are radicals, liberals, or tories. Let me make myself clear. I am not one of those who would place art in an ivory tower, or one who would divorce culture from the concerns of daily life. I am not so foolish as to deny that writers, like bookkeepers and plumbers, clergymen and lawyers, are *in part* the products of their particular social and economic environments, or that to understand them and the significance of their work, we must understand the social and economic currents in which their work is carried on.

Perhaps I can clarify my point by reference to Mr. Granville Hicks's "The Great Tradition." Here was an attempt to evaluate American literature since the Civil War, with chief reliance upon the economic yardstick. Mr. Hicks, like others of his contemporaries (V. F. Calverton's "Liberation of American Literature") blows his bubble to the bursting point. His book is more readable than Calverton's because it is less burdened by Marxist stock phrases and formulas, tags which are as stupid and meaningless in their way as were ever the tight little pigeon-holes of the academicians. Mr. Hicks and the critics in his camp, obsessed as they are by the half-truth which affirms that writers are conditioned by the social forces and tendencies of their time, forget that they are conditioned always as much, and sometimes more, by their character, their temperament, by the whole fabric of that inner life which is more often the product of heredity and a man's emotional content than it is of environment. That fabric explains so much in men like Hawthorne, Emerson, Melville, Thoreau, Whitman, and Mark Twain, that it is nonsense to pretend that the key to understanding why they wrote as they did is hidden between the covers of "Das Kapital."

And so these critics allow nothing for the innate creative capacities of the writers whose shortcomings they lament, but little for their temperaments, and nothing, if we are to talk about social conditioning, for the spiritual atmosphere, or lack of it, in which they live. Such critics are soundest in their judgments (provided they are as sensitive in their perceptions as Mr. Hicks upon occasion proves himself to be) when they deal with writers who are or were isolated from the currents of their time. And even in such a case as Emily Dickinson's, Mr. Hicks cannot refrain from regretting that because she lived apart "she could have none of the vigor that is found in the artist for whom self-expression is also the expression of the society of which he is part." It never occurred to him, apparently, that what is precious in Emily Dickinson would have been obliterated had her mind turned [illegible] of his period must be aware of social and economic forces; he must be equally aware of such truth as resides in psychology, old and new; his position will be still stronger if he is not altogether lost (for no one can tread there with certainty) in the mazes of modern scientific theory, and its bearing upon man's relation to his world. He cannot, in short, be insulated against the ideas current in his time, and he must be able to apply them where they can effectively be used. But it is no less true that he must not force his criticism through a mold determined by his own economic, political, psychological, or scientific bias. His knowledge in these fields is a tool, but not a touchstone or blunt instrument to go about knocking heads with.

And after all, these constitute only his supplementary (though highly desirable) equipment. His essential armory lies in his ability to recognize that evasive line upon which literature meets life; in the clearness of his perception as to when that literature not merely reflects life, but illuminates it, clarifies its meaning, deepens our understanding of how men live, labor, and die. We do not learn these things by merging the individual in the mass, or in the class, as some of our young left-wing novelists are attempting to do; we learn them always by developing the individual relationships of one man, one woman, to another, or that individual's relationship to his family, his particular social group, his country, or to whatever aggregate you may choose to name, provided only that the individual is never lost sight of, is never made merely a symbol, in that relationship. To accomplish such an end, the complete realization of character is of course necessary; it is character and the moral conflicts engendered by it, which must be the primary concern of every novelist who works as a serious artist.

If the novelist's primary concern must be with character, it follows that so, too, must be the critic's. To pass constructive judgment upon the quality of a "proletarian novel" as creative literature it is not required of the critic that he be a radical in his economic convictions; it is enough that he understand the social tendencies which prompted the novelist to choose the theme he did.

But is not the individual belittled, if not lost, in the world upon which we have entered? And can we any longer be seriously concerned with him, either in our function as creative writer or as critic? The bearing of this phenomenon of our time on contemporary literature has been excellently stated by Martha Gruening, in a very able "omnibus review" of fourteen novels by younger American writers, in the current issue of *Hound and Horn*. I cannot do better than quote her words in this respect.

> Certainly never since the French Revolution [she writes] has the individual been so powerless, so insignificant, and so aware of his insignificance. Not only modern industry with its mass production and its regimentation of the human material employed in this production, but the social and political movements which accept this condition or protest against it alike impose conformity, *Gleichsehaltung*, class consciousness, mass consciousness, race consciousness, every form of consciousness, indeed, but the individual.

The answer to my second question should be as obvious as the answer to my first. We must be concerned with that endangered individuality, concerned as we have never been about anything else before, for its submergence spells the extinction of any dignity in human life. As well be flies on a dunghill as one of Stalin's creatures, or one of Hitler's, for that matter. I do not include Mussolini because I believe he has left some of that dignity, at least, intact, however far his State may be from the ideal to which a people nourished in the tradition of self-government may cling. If such a people has neither the brains nor the courage to fight its way to ground secure above the quicksand where millions are now struggling in Russia and Germany, then it is made of even poorer stuff than Lenin be- [illegible] is individualism." Well, there are some of us who believe that there is life still in the word, and life in the ideal which it embodies. There are some of us who believe that it "posits a way of life" and "a conception of art" which can "presumably

Photo by Nikolas Muray
EDMUND WILSON
[illegible]der of the Marxist school of critics

[illegible] insistent human needs." We believe with equal conviction that the alternative we are so confidently offered cannot possibly secure us either.

But, as I have observed earlier, our political and economic convictions are beside the point insofar as our chief concern is with creative literature and its criticism. They are beside the point except insofar as they are affected by our concern for that individualism which is the lifeblood of art. And it is because I think many of us are going to be tremendously concerned about the individual in the years just ahead that I believe our literature in that immediate future will have a vitality and a purpose it has lacked in our immediate past. This is indeed "a time of great social shufflings and of acute social struggle," and I am confident its fruits will be realized in our art. If the thirties do not produce a body of literature measurably superior to that of the twenties I shall be greatly surprised. If the recent novel has in many instances reflected the insignificance of the individual in our world, the reaction against that submergence will be all the stronger, all the more fierce and insistent. It must be if we keep our courage and steel our will. And in that battle, which is so well worth the fighting, the critic will have his part—the liberal critic if you will, or any critic of vision, knowledge, and understanding.

Believing, as I do, that Mr. Smith's concern over the decline of the liberal critic is misplaced, I shall touch only briefly upon what he has to say of Brooks, Lewisohn, and the rest. He comes to bury the liberal critic, not to praise him, though he has kind things to say of his services in an earlier time. Towards Ludwig Lewisohn Mr. Smith is blindly unjust. He fails to perceive the soundness at the core of Lewisohn's critical principles (inherited, to be sure) overlaid though they may be with a recent indulgence in ranting, and encumbered, as they have always been, by too heavy an insistence on the Puritan influence in American literature and too trusting a reliance upon the Freudian shibboleths. But Lewisohn knows that literature at its best must offer sustenance to the spirit, that it must illuminate life; he knows the pretensions of the "difficult" writers for what they are, nor is he taken in by the greatly overworked thesis of the frustration of American writers by their environment. He is well aware how much those writers have been conditioned by other factors.

I wish to mention Mr. Smith's treatment [illegible] that he may, from watching the world about him, have come to look back with nostalgia to the Golden Age. Brooks's own mental perplexities led him too far into the Dismal Swamp of Frustration. I do not for a moment believe that his thesis in relation to Mark Twain or to Henry James holds more than a small measure of truth.

And I should like to dwell for a moment on what Brooks has written about the relation between the writers and "the workers," a point upon which Mr. Smith does not touch. Arguing, in one of the essays contained in "Sketches in Criticism," from the position that "great literature is always closely allied with religion, although at times this religion may cloak itself in forms that are not recognizable at first sight," as in the form of nationality, or of socialism, or as literature itself, he feels that the American writer of today must find the equivalent of this alliance and its resultant support by identifying himself with what we call the working class.

To Mr. Brooks such an alliance is "a plain effect of necessity." Because the existing régime has "driven the creative class to the wall," the economic status of the writers "has placed them squarely in the working class." Now there is truth here, but there is fallacy also. There is truth because the writer and the worker have a cause in common. Mr. Brooks puts it very well, when he points out that since the very beginning of the industrial revolution, "writers have tended to be at swords' points with society." They have been in revolt against "the mechanization of human nature" involved in a régime of trade as distinguished from industry, of wage-servitude as distinguished from artisanship. Through the instinct of workmanship and of honest pride in it, there is, beyond any doubt, a blood kinship between the writer and the skilled manual worker (of whom it is true there are still a few survivals in our existing civilization). And so, up to a certain point,

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the writer and the worker can with profit to themselves and to all of us share the same road. But the present and the dominant trend of our industrialism is taking the worker further and further away from the point where he held an ideal of craftsmanship, while the writer has still retained his. There is that obstacle, and there is also the pitfall of propaganda.

If we are to keep in mind the interests of literature, to say nothing of the cause of human liberty, let the writer and the worker find their common cause in resistance to "the mechanization of human nature." Let them fight together against the submergence of the individual and for the restoration of a positive moral order in society as in the individual life. We have had enough of negations; it is time for affirmation. Ah yes, interposes the sceptic, and precisely what will you affirm? What is there left that is worth affirming?

For one thing, and above all others, courage, so justly described by Miss Glasgow as "the only lasting virtue." It is the keystone around which are built all other possible affirmations. It is the indispensable base on which we must stand if we are to save the best from the old order in our construction of the new.

Man's relation to his world today is, as we know, more than ever a troubled one. The plight in which we find ourselves, particularly those peoples who have inherited the ideal and practice of democratic government, is a serious one, but it is by no means hopeless. We are not interested today in the economics of John Stuart Mill, but his essay, "On Liberty," has lost none of its vitality. For every autocratic State, whether it be Stalin's or Hitler's or Mussolini's, there is a lesson worth pondering in these words from that noble and firmly reasoned treatise:

> . . . a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.

If these are words for autocrats to heed, they are words for democrats never to forget. In them is contained the source of democracy's strength, and the guaranty of its future.

But the democrat, if he is to keep his faith, has another lesson to learn, and that is the lesson that discipline and authority can be consonant with liberty. The communists completely, and the fascists in large measure, have enthroned the first and second on the wreckage of the third. What is communism's strength if not in its claim, in a world where scepticism and opportunism are in the saddle, to represent principles that are absolute? It demands that philosophy and action be one and inseparable. And what is that but the old battle to realize the ideal in the real? Our dilemma is at the core a moral dilemma, not an economic or political one, and its solution lies within ourselves. The realization of the New Deal in the United States demands basically a moral effort on the part of the American people, and in the measure to which they make it will lie the measure of their success.

Nor is it simply in his political and economic function as an individual that man can take heart. Science has done her best to belittle him, in that undiluted materialism which remains the keystone of communist philosophy, but he need no longer be bullied by science, for science is herself shaken to her foundations. What tomorrow will bring forth in the realm of physics is as uncertain as the new day in a South American republic. Science has lost its cocksureness, and already we breathe a freer air because of it.

The individual will not be lost in the literature that is to come. There will be aspiration in our books again, there will be affirmation of spiritual values, just as surely as we have been deluged with negation of them. And I say again that the critic, of whatever economic or political persuasion, will have a part to play in that renascence.

J. Donald Adams is editor of the New York Times Book Review.

Dollars to Doughnuts

KEMMERER ON MONEY. By Edwin Walter Kemmerer. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by FRANK A. VANDERLIP

ONE ought to have faith that the man who has earned the title, "the money doctor of the world," could write an intelligent book regarding the gold standard and money. In the case of "Kemmerer on Money," such faith would be justified.

Professor Kemmerer has written, in clear English, an exceedingly clear statement regarding the gold standard, our present paper standard, inflation, reflation, and deflation, and the commodity dollar. These somewhat intricate subjects are presented in a way that any intelligent reader can follow, and the book should find a place on many shelves other than those of the specialists or experts.

For both what is included and what is excluded, the definition of the gold standard is worth quoting:

> The gold standard is a monetary system in which the unit of value, be it the dollar, the franc, the pound, or some other unit in which prices and wages are customarily expressed and in which debts are usually contracted, consists of the value of a fixed quantity of gold in a free gold market.

Here is no mention of gold coins and so we could have a gold bullion standard; nor is there any mention of free coinage, or even of the redemption of paper money in gold. Professor Kemmerer says the gold standard could exist without any or all of them. Obviously, it is a definition that would not accord with the general popular idea, if we might have a gold standard in which there were no metallic redemption of paper money.

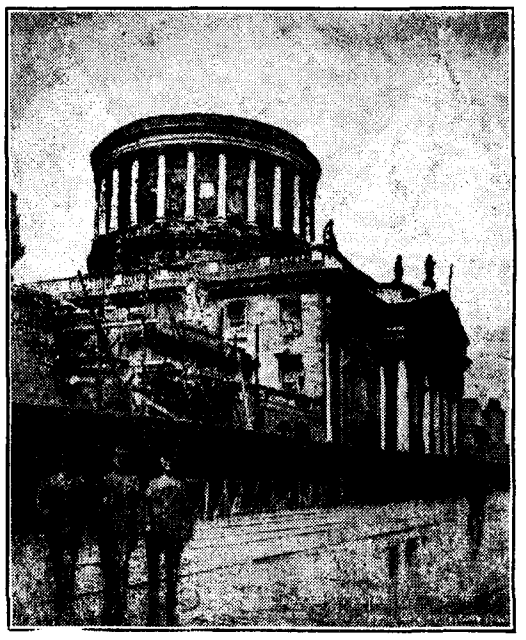
The slogan of the period of the 1870's, when we were before off the gold standard, that "the way to resume is to resume" (which, by the way, the author attributes to Salmon P. Chase instead of to Horace Greeley), is adapted to the present day, and Professor Kemmerer marches under the flag inscribed "the way to stabilize is to stabilize." He is in a great hurry to stabilize. He would brook no delay. One fears he has not even taken time enough to understand clearly just what it was that broke down the gold standard in thirty-four countries. "The money doctor of the world" put a number of the twelve nations which he professionally treated back on the gold standard. The operation was successful, but the patient died. At least, the patients rapidly fell off the gold standard again.

There is presented in this book, as clean-cut a statement of the reasons for returning to the old gold standard at the old gold ratio of 23.22 grains of gold to the dollar as could well be set down. These reasons are far clearer statements than the members of the Chambers of Commerce who have passed urgent resolutions for immediate stabilization could muster. They are not, however, convincing even to Professor Kemmerer himself. On the point of the ratio at which we should stabilize he adheres to a one third devaluation, or a dollar with a gold content of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of the former standard. He wants no temporary or tentative stabilization, but advises stabilization *de jure*. He believes that political reasons, rather than justice to debtors, make it advisable to cut the dollar to two-thirds of its former value and would not, therefore, advise any attempt to stabilize at the old ratio.

He would set up a gold bullion standard, ceasing all gold coinage. He would use the "profit," resulting from devaluation, to redeem government obligations held by the Federal Reserve Banks, rightfully believing that the Federal Reserve Banks already have too much government paper in their portfolios. The profit should go to the government, but if the government should use the profit "as a basis of currency and credit expansion for meeting greatly increased public expenditures,—and the political pressure to do so would be heavy,—the result would be further great inflation and another breakdown of the gold standard." In that statement I believe Professor Kemmerer is seeing ghosts. The ghosts could become a reality, if the government issued an unduly liberal amount of currency in excess of the gold it held, but to issue currency wholly backed by gold at the new stabilized rate would not break down a gold standard.

Such a gold standard as Professor Kemmerer sets up, however, would break down at some time, and might before it broke down lead to disastrous inflation, because he, like most of his brother economists, has not yet recognized precisely what it was that broke down the old gold standard. The thing that has ended the gold standard, as we have known it, is providing for the redemption of paper currency in gold without regard to the purpose for which gold is demanded. That free redeemability made gold hoarding easy. A bullion standard would put a barrier in the way of gold hoarding, but would in no way prevent large capitalists from hoarding freely.

That is not the most important thing, however, from which a permanent gold standard must be insulated. The redeemability of paper money in gold, when the gold is wanted for export against an international movement of capital, is what broke down the gold standard. There were, of course, other contributing causes, in particular the mal-distribution between gold standard countries that resulted from the war.



FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN, AFTER THE "TROUBLE"

Etching by Morgan Dennis, reproduced by courtesy of the Museum of Irish Art.

The growing mass of liquid capital, which crosses frontiers at the will of individuals, a mass which has been menacingly augmented by such a fund as the $1,750,000,000 British Stabilization Fund, directed by an economic general sitting in the chair of the Governor of the Bank of England and moved with the adroit astuteness of a military campaign—it is this vast mass of liquid capital, moving without relation to foreign trade, which has forever ended the gold standard, with its free convertibility of paper money.

Economists and bankers have been slow to see this point, but I venture to predict that they will see it recognized when we do again stabilize the dollar and return, not to *the* gold standard, but to a modified and modernized gold standard of limited currency convertibility. The gold standard can perform the function of settling debit foreign trade balances; it cannot sustain the burden of international capital movements.

The author's discussion of the commodity dollar seems to me admirable. He gives the history of the movement and outlines clearly the nature of the theory. Quite rightly, he believes that under the gold buying plan the test of the validity of the theory has not been a fair one, but he is convinced that there is not a mathematical relationship between price changes and changes in the dollar's gold content.

I certainly would agree with him in that conclusion, but it is odd to find in another chapter on "The Way Back to Gold" that he is convinced that changes in the price level will mathematically correspond to the new rate at which we may devaluate and stabilize the dollar, for he says that the point of stabilization which he advocates, a 66 2/3c dollar, "might reasonably be expected ultimately to bring about a wholesale price level ten per cent lower than that of 1926, a general price level nine per cent higher, and a cost of living four per cent higher. It would give us, moreover, a wholesale price level about twenty-six per cent higher than that of November, 1933, a general price level forty per cent higher and a cost of living thirty-six per cent higher."

Here is a belief in the efficacy of the gold content of the dollar mathematically establishing a price level which in precise predictions goes further than any other advocate of the commodity dollar.

Frank A. Vanderlip was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury from 1897-1901 *and from* 1909-1919 *president of the National City Bank of New York.*

Black and Tans

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL. By Rearden Conner. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by PATRIC FARRELL

THIS book is more important as a document of the Black and Tan regime than as a contribution to Irish literature. It is an impassioned protest against the sacrifice of splendid men and women. That such outrages as Mr. Conner chronicles might have occurred in Cromwell's time is deplorable. That they did occur as recently as 1920 is a challenge to our civilization.

The events described may seem incredible and fantastic. The reader, however, is not confused by mythology, mystery, or introspection. Mr. Conner's external and photographic style—his reasonable attitude and impartial judgment—help the reader to understand this conflict. Understanding might have prevented the ruthless, cruel warfare of 1918-22. That this story is based on historical facts gives it conviction. That the facts were sensational makes for a gripping, swiftly moving story.

The period of this story cannot be treated in pastel or watercolor. Mr. Conner has been forced to use plunging pigment, applied with heavy brush strokes, and at times slapped on with a palette knife. Those scenes that required the more delicate instrument of the etcher's needle, Mr. Conner has etched, not in moonlight, but in blood.

The characters are real. Mr. Conner reveals great dramatic skill in their development. The types are autochthonous. His minor characters, particularly, are created with affection and sympathy. His protagonist, Kerry Sutton, is comparable to the Gypo of Liam O'Flaherty's "Informer" and the Davoren of Sean O'Casey's "The Shadow of a Gunman." They writhe under the same doom. Intelligence was no salvation during the "Trouble."

As a novel it is neither original nor brilliant. Mr. Conner is no "pioneer of the way." If only he had been as daring in manner as in matter—for the period he writes about cannot be fully realized by conformity to the prescribed patterns of expression. Let not Mr. Conner stray too soon from the source. Let him slowly evolve out of parochialism. May he fulfil the promise contained in this book. Even this agitator for a change of scene and character in the plays and novels of the Irish will always have ten thousand welcomes for work as sincere and moving as this story.

Patric Farrell is the director of the Museum of Irish Art in New York.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Marxian Front

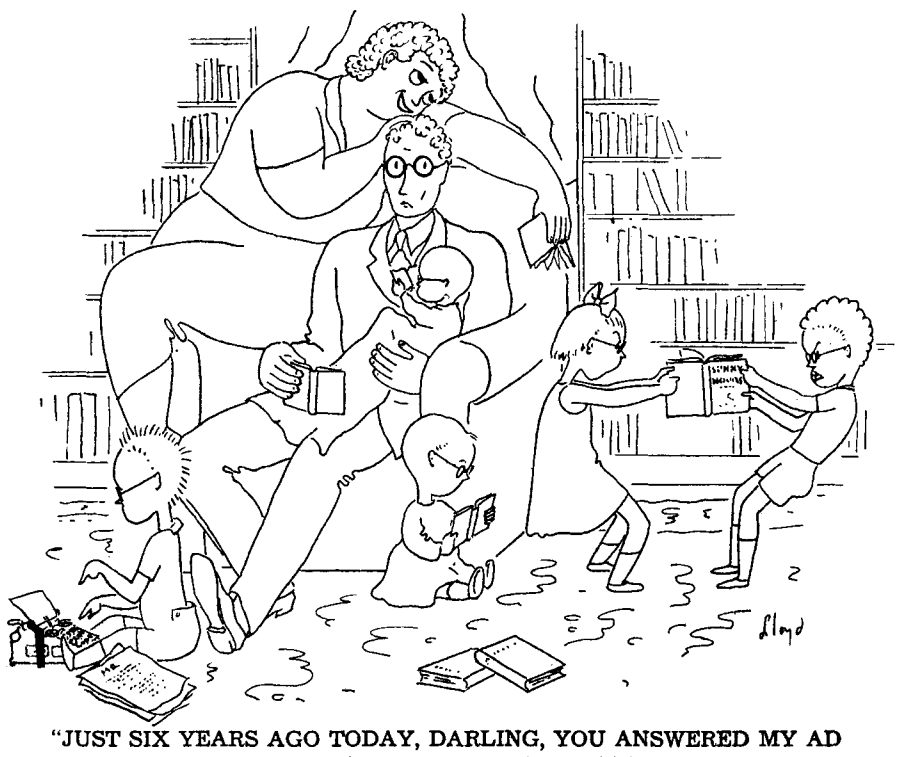
The radical point of view in contemporary criticism rejoices in the name of Marx, while both its adherents and its opponents tend to overlook the fact that Marx, like Freud, is the subject of various schools of interpretation. If this were not true, Trotzky would still be in Russia. By what definition Marxism has a common application to the views of Stalin, Trotzky, Mr. Edmund Wilson, and Mr. V. F. Calverton, must remain a mystery to the infidel. For this reason the non-Marxian, although wishing to keep an open mind, becomes confused as to the relationship between communism in political practice and Marxism as a basis for literary criticism. Communism in practice, as we see it filtered through the reports of Duranty and Hindus, seems to be a process which adapts itself to realities, and is willing to dissociate the purposes of Marx from his prophecies, particularly where the prophecies have not come true. Marxism in literary criticism has been variously defined (another source of confusion for the non-Marxian, who, short of becoming an expert in the field, has no way of knowing which definitions are orthodox). However, the proposition that literary expression is dominated by the point of view of class has found considerable currency in recent American criticism. This is the theory which has been superimposed on American literary history, in the name of economic interpretation; and with an inflexible dogmatism which gives rise to the suspicion that, whatever it is we are getting from the literary Marxians, it is not propaganda from Moscow.

The unbeliever is emboldened by these reflections to raise a question which has a slightly Marxian flavor of its own. Matters of revelation aside, what has the critic to gain by embracing the Marxist school? Why has it so many supporters among the intellectuals—whose attitude to Marx seems so much more flattering to him than his attitude was to them? One answer apparently lies in what has been called "the failure of individualism," the failure to produce a substantial body of literature in contemporary America. It is the immediate reaction to the petering-out of the post-war generation, so rampantly individualistic fifteen years ago. "Self-expression" was the battle cry in those days, and we may agree with the Marxists that very few of the post-war selves turned out to be worth expressing. Now we are confronted with "the failure of individualism." Can it be that the failure was in part owing to the quality of the individuals?

It must indeed have been a disappointment to the young post-war poet when he came to realize that he was not another Shelley; to the post-war novelist who, having exhausted his autobiography, had nothing left to say; to the post-war critic who discovered that his book reviews were footprints on the sands below the line of high tide. And it's easier to blame individualism in the abstract than in the concrete.

This is of course only a contributory reason why Marxian criticism flourishes in this country. However, it helps to give a false emphasis to Marxism as the only alternative to individualism. It stresses the authoritarian character of the Marxist movement, in contradistinction to the actual ideas involved. It serves, for the time being, to give the movement an apparent solidity of front behind which there is perhaps not confusion, but at least some variety of opinion. Marxism has been given a dogmatic expression by certain American critics; and this dogma, like all dogmas, puts its opponents on the defensive. However, the issue is not so clear-cut as it has been made to appear. Individualists who retain the courage of their convictions may safely keep off the Marxian band-wagon at least until the band is playing in tune.

We have heard favorable comments on the radio serial version of "The Pickwick Papers," broadcast from WEAF every Thursday at 2 p.m. The script is adapted from Dickens by Mr. Merrill Denison, whose episodes from American history won much applause on the air. But surely a feature as popular as Pickwick should be broadcast in the evening, when we might all have a chance to listen.



"JUST SIX YEARS AGO TODAY, DARLING, YOU ANSWERED MY AD IN THE 'REVIEW'S' PERSONALS."

Letters to the Editor: *Ludwig Lewisohn in Reply to Bernard Smith*

Mr. Lewisohn's Position

SIR: In the fairly long characterization of me in Mr. Bernard Smith's article "The Liberals Grow Old" I cannot find a single recognizable trait. It is not the first time that I have come upon a purely fanciful image of myself that has lodged itself in certain minds for the reason, I suppose, that my true views do not fall within any of the current popular categories. I have long outgrown the rootless liberalism, which I always held with reservations anyhow, of the post-war years; I am, God forbid, neither Fascist nor Marxist reactionary toward barbaric tribalism, and so I am hard to place. That much is clear. What is not clear is why Mr. Bernard Smith—and others—before writing about me did not attentively read what I have written. I always do on similar occasions. So Mr. Smith cannot possibly have read the chapter called "The Great Critical Debate" in "Expression in America." He cannot, above all, have read the final pages of that chapter, pp. 455-461, which are the only important pages in that rather overestimated book and which, very significantly, begin thus: "Art is expression; its motive is self-catharsis and communication. But it is the expression of the total man, a creature not only of a hunger for food and reproduction but of other hungers—for society, for knowledge, and for God." And if Mr. Smith wants to do me the honor of including me in his study of American criticism, I hope that to the pondering of these pages he will add a reading of certain books of mine, of which the *relative* importance is far beyond that of "Expression in America," namely, "Israel," "Mid-Channel," and such fictions as "The Last Days of Shylock" and "This People." He will then see that the view of life which is my mature view is a fundamentally philosophic and *religious* one and that my critical theory and practice cohere with both my reintegration with my people and my return to the religion of my fathers. I am the reverse of "bitter"; I am "alone" today only in the sense that no other American critic holds views analogous to mine. But that is natural enough, and I have reason to believe that young men and women here and there all over the country are closer to me than the ladies and gentlemen who write in the critical journals.

Paris. LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

Background for Current Books

SIR: Some recent talk about the teaching of current literature in our universities appearing in *The Saturday Review of Literature* catches my attention. I have offered a course in current American fiction for a number of years. My text, *Current Reviews* (Holt, 1926), containing reviews by two of the editors of *The Saturday Review*, is in a way a refutation of the charge, if it may be so called, as is also another text of mine, *Ventures in Contemporary Reading* (Longmans, Green, 1931). For some years the texts in English appearing from the presses of our better publishers have seemed to stress current interests almost too much.

It is important that students should look at the life of their own day as it is mirrored in letters, but it is also extremely important that they should look at the life of the past. Somewhere Kipling has said: "What do they know of England who only England know?" It is also wise to remember that little they know of here and now who know *but* here and now. The man who is shut up in the world of his own time and place cannot have a sound judgment about important affairs even of that time and place. It may seem to those who are so shut up that this is and will continue to be a world for Mae West and her kind. It will not seem so to those who have traveled in the realms of gold. They can realize that two and a half centuries ago, had she lived then, she might have found her way to the closet of Charles the Second and fought for supremacy with Nell Gwynne. That was also a time for creatures of her sort and for plays of her sort, the most disgraceful period in English history. In the perspective of the centuries it was a short time, and it passed. It is in achieving a perspective that we learn that such things have a way of passing, sometimes, as in Restoration England, swiftly.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.
Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Anthony Adverse" Again

SIR: Methinks Hervey Allen doth protest too much!

No student objects to historical data reworked into a new novel where the author's style is distinctly original. Pyle's King Arthur series lends but renewed beauty to the Arthurian cycle. We would not accuse Pyle of plagiarism because he has so individualized his treatment that his legends are distinct from Tennyson's, or Robertson's "Tristram."

No student objects to the use to which Hervey Allen has put history, although one does smile at his very evident utilization of Poe's tricks of the trade to gain effect. However, the fact remains that in "Anthony Adverse" there is a too evident similarity in sentences, words, and paragraphs to the works of others. In no other author I have ever read, and I have been reading some forty years, have I ever before been so constantly reminded of the odors, flavors, incidents, and "high points" of the works of other authors. One by one these faintly reminiscent items obtruded upon one's consciousness while reading "Anthony Adverse," until one's ethical sense rebelled. His indebtedness to these authors is not included, though faintly suggested, in his article of January 13.

Perhaps, as Mr. Allen implies, he has read so widely and has so retentive a memory that he is not conscious of his imitations. We may grant him that, but we cannot forgive him his sarcasm towards those who retain the right to criticize when they buy his books. Others besides Mr. Allen have training, and we suggest that if he is unable to ascertain where creative effort begins and copying ends, he should cease to write novels and should confine himself to writing biography in which he excels.

His "Israfel" is an admirable piece of work, worthy of high commendation. It is scholarly and sympathetic.

By the way, Mr. Allen has not explained his use of coincidence to further his narrative instead of plot. I found nineteen such instances at the first reading.

M. H. L.

Melrose, Mass.

Sister

SIR: I was interested in the letter from B. Q. in a recent issue, telling of his experience with the name of Wolverhampton. It reminded me of the experience of a friend in England a few years ago. He spends his summers in England and knows the whole country well.

He was discussing the pronunciation of place names with an acquaintance when the latter said: "Here is a name you cannot pronounce. How would you pronounce C-I-R-E-N-C-E-S-T-E-R?" My friend, smiling, said: "I would pronounce it 'Brother.'" "Oh, no," said the Englishman, "it is pronounced 'Sister.'" Some time afterwards, in telling this to another Englishman, the latter said: "But you know you really are wrong for the name is pronounced 'Sister.'" W.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Scotch

SIR: To those who consider their *Saturday Review* an authority in the use of words it is grievous to find the word *Scotchman* repeatedly used. Even the scholarly Hervey Allen is guilty. Am I not correct in thinking that Scotsman and Scot—and Scottish—have the authority of good usage?

S. R. OERRNALD.

Washington, D. C.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE NATIVE'S RETURN. By LOUIS ADAMIC. *Harpers.* The rediscovery of Jugo-Slavia by an American immigrant.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL. By REARDEN CONNER. *Morrow.* A tale of the Ireland of the Black and Tan regime.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By J. E. NEALE. *Harcourt, Brace.* A scholarly and readable life of the Virgin Queen.

This Less Recent Book:

THE CONSTANT NYMPH. By MARGARET KENNEDY. *Doubleday, Doran.* The story of an unconventional family.

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Where Shirley Trod Before

A MODERN TRAGEDY. By Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

WHEN we turned the last page in Miss Bentley's book we suddenly realized that two selves had read her novel,—one the critical self which was constantly jolted by crudities and crassness, and the other the self that read for entertainment and had found its interest held by the story. And now that we are some half day away from having finished "A Modern Tragedy" we find our two selves more in agreement than in the beginning we thought they could ever be. For when all the dross is burned away from Miss Bentley's portrayal of the progressive deterioration of a weak nature under the stress of love and ambition, and the general background of the struggle between labor and capital is melted into the story, something remains that lives in memory. Artistically Miss Bentley has done a bad job, but nevertheless she has written a novel whose theme is engrossing and certain episodes of which are compelling. Her story is full of flaws in the handling but there is no denying that it is steadily interesting.

Any author who essays a story playing in the West Riding of Yorkshire, with its moors for setting, and its cloth mills and bitter struggle between owners and workers for protagonists, inevitably risks comparison of her work with that of Charlotte Brontë. No comparison could be more unfair for it rests merely on identity of environment and the accident of a persistent economic condition. Yet we confess that as we read "A Modern Tragedy" the ghost of Miss Brontë walked beside Miss Bentley and its effulgence made the modern novelist pale.

Miss Bentley's tale is a crowded one, with a large number of personalities, and a variety of strands. Its main theme is the steady decline of character of Walter Haigh who is first introduced in the flush of youthful enthusiasm and ambition and is left in "the bright echoing hell of gaol." Incidental to the development of Walter's story is the portrayal of labor strife, the picture of Yorkshire industry in the period of the post-war depression, and the story of Leonard Tasker, cloth manufacturer, whose unscrupulous machinations lead Walter along the path to ruin. Here, indeed, is the possibility for tragedy of a high order, but Miss Bentley fumbles her chance to produce it. And she fumbles it, we think, almost at the beginning of her tale. For to make a weakling engage sympathy he must first be introduced as a lovable or striking character so that his degeneration is a cause of pain to the reader. Miss Bentley allows her hero no time to win affection; at the very first encounter with Tasker he falls, and before the book is a chapter old his supineness in the face of temptation is a foregone conclusion. It is impatience, rather than grief, we feel that his ardent youth is headed for disaster. We could have forgiven Miss Bentley her other faults, her crude love scenes, her incredible heroine, her stock devices for making her villain villainous, if she had given her hero sufficient leeway to make himself a tragic instead of a merely contemptible figure.

Yet Miss Bentley's work is not to be brushed aside lightly. There are moments in this book of high effectiveness, as in the scenes in which a family of mill workers, thrust out of work by the fanatical idealism of one of its members, is depicted under the growing disgruntlement of unemployment, in the election scene toward the end of the book which presents so interesting a parallel in its description of the anguished shouting of the defeated mill hands with Charlotte Brontë's depiction of a growling Yorkshire crowd, in the court scenes at the end, indeed, again and again throughout the book. It is curious how with so much that is good there can be so much that is bad. Some of the incidents Miss Bentley employs, some of the little tricks of characterization she uses, have been stock devices for many a long year. They are garish and garishly introduced, and give her novel a rawness which she has too much ability to countenance. "Inheritance" was a duller tale than this, but it was a far more substantial one. Yet, and this is our uncritical self speaking, we are not sure that "A Modern Tragedy" may not find a wider public, for it has the kind of sensational incident and crudely romantic sentiment that has more than once carried an inartistic book to success.

BRIARFIELD CHURCH IN YORKSHIRE
An illustration from an early edition of "Shirley."

The Ideal of an Epoch

(*Continued from first page*)

tings and characters from whose midst later developments will spring."

We have been made to view Paris through many eyes, from many corners and levels of society. We have looked down upon the city, as gods, and seen the basic rhythms of its daily life. We have been plunged into the intrigues of industry and the uncertain waters of politics; we have dined with the old aristocracy and the new, and have talked with artisans; we have watched murder being done and have followed the intellectual processes of a strange and fascinating criminal; we have mingled with idealistic socialists and have touched the fringes of more radical thought than theirs; we have observed the blossoming of young love, the somewhat ludicrous manœuvers of middle-aged desire, and we have been privy to the defloration of a handsome young apprentice by a ravenous, experienced, and mysterious female; we have dreamed and hungered with the students of the Normal College; we have been present at the birth of a giant real estate scheme; we have been amused by the antics of George Allory, society novelist and critic, created by the suavely malicious humor of Jules Romains; we have met Paul Fort and Jean Moréas, who were their own creators; and we have heard Jean Juarès eloquently plead the cause of European peace.

In short, we have followed the nearly simultaneous unfolding of a dozen novels, and have marvelled at the ease and knowledge with which the author moves through so many different milieux. Here there are no traces of labored documentation, as in Zola; no hint of raw material being manufactured into conscientious literature. Jules Romains is as much at home with the Saint-Papouls as with the actress Germaine Baader; he speaks as readily with the tongue of the oil magnate Sammécaud as he does through the mouth of Jerphanion, the young provincial. There is no stumbling when he joins the ladies in the Champcenais drawing-room, and the minds of the apprentice Wazemmes and the deputy Gurau are equally open to him.

We follow a dozen novels, and each of them with an absorbed interest, but we are not allowed to forget for long that Paris herself is the protagonist of the whole dramatic narrative. Her sights and sounds are always in our eyes and ears. Not content with human senses alone, Romains makes us smell her with the nose of the little dog Macaire. We walk her streets and boulevards, we pass and repass her historic buildings and her anonymous dwellings. We climb the Butte of Montmartre and ramble almost to the Bois de Vincennes; our comings and goings in the heart of the city are numberless, and our constant guide is one of Paris's most constant and passionate lovers. In passing let me say that I have read "Men of Good Will" with a street map of Paris at my elbow, and that the publisher would do his readers a service if he provided them with such a map in some future volume.

Where do they lead, these many written and promised pages? Shall we finally arrive "somewhere"? On this point we may let the author speak.

> I hope [he writes] that we shall arrive somewhere. My title promises you that we shall. I am not one of those people who find a bitter gratification in the contemplation of ultimate Incoherence. I am not addicted to the dilettantism of chaos. The world, no doubt, at any given moment of its existence, is anything you like to call it. But it is out of this aimless dispersion, out of all these zigzagging efforts, out of all this disorderly growth, that the ideal of an epoch ends by disentangling itself . . . Everything comes to pass as though the Whole had chosen to make progress by means of a series of clumsy jolts. In this confusion of wills, there must surely be some "of good will."

I think we can trust Romains the social thinker as well as Romains the novelist. Meantime I am willing to confess that, merely as a story teller, he has me impatiently awaiting further instalments of "Men of Good Will." Regardless of what may happen to French or European civilization, I am panting to learn the fate of Quinette, whether Sammécaud is doomed to repeated failures with Mme. de Champcenais, how things will go with Jerphanion and Jeanne, with Jallez and Juliette, and to what extent Gurau will triumph or fail on the hard road of political idealism. We know the nature of the world into which all these characters are moving; the opportunity to follow them into that world should prove a major literary adventure. And, for those who do not read French, Mr. Warre B. Wells is providing a lively, readable substitute for the original and flexible prose of Jules Romains.

* *

Ben Ray Redman is a critic who has spent much time in France, and translated a number of French books, among them Romain Rolland's "Annette and Sylvie."

The Hand that Used to Rock the Cradle

WOMAN IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Fannina Halle. Translated by Margaret Green. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $4.50.

Reviewed by ELLA WINTER

IN the United States women have fought for and believed they had largely won, emancipation, and they are not emancipated. In the Soviet Union, emancipation was given women legally on paper at one stroke, in October 1917, and since then they have been building it into their life and institutions. Today in Soviet Russia, women work in field and home, on tractors, at the benches, in textile mills, and as bricklayers, but it is a woman free and the equal of any of her men comrades who perform this work.

THE LIBERATION OF WOMEN FROM DOMESTIC SLAVERY
A Soviet cartoon, from "Women in Soviet Russia."

One of the basic demands of communism the world over is the freeing of women. Fanina Halle, a Viennese writer, makes clear in her thorough and exciting account of Soviet women just why communists have thought this necessary; she shows also what "freedom" for women means in fact. Madame Halle tells again, and it bears retelling, the magnificent story of the drafting of the Marriage Code, discussed for over a year by 160 million people; she tells of the marriage and divorce laws, the abolition of prostitution, regulations and clinics for legal abortions; of the spreading of birth-control information including the latest experimental results, and the unsurpassed maternity and infant welfare work. One is forced to wonder as one follows these rules and regulations embodied in countless clinics, mothers' centres, and in the smiling faces of peasant mothers and their chubby babies, why it is that a country which has not yet enough shoes, clothes, ice cream, or cosmetics should take the best care of its individual citizen's health, culture, and general welfare. One also wonders why it takes so long for other countries to apply the simple logic of feminism and abolish illegitimacy, prostitution, unequal wages for the same work, and great neglect of millions of the poorer children.

Madame Halle makes even this clear to some extent. She shows how the result in the Soviet Union was achieved only at harrowing expense in the blood and tears of thousands of women. She has a terrible, heroic chapter on the pre-revolutionary women of Russia, with descriptions of their long years in solitary dungeons, the beatings administered them, the executions, the years in exile away from home and families. One among them, who was exiled and afterwards committed suicide, summed up the feeling of most of these women: "I am convinced," she said, "that so vigorous a movement—clearly an outcome of the spirit of the age—cannot be checked by any measures of suppression. Ideas cannot be killed with bayonets!"

This book shows, though the author is sometimes unaware of it herself, the rich and varied attitudes existing on moral problems. For instance, the strength, energy, comradeship, and devotion to work, especially of the *Komsomolkas* (Young Communists), their impatience with the sighing sick souls of the Turgeniev era, leads Madame Halle to state "all love-making is taboo." That this is not the case countless hearty and healthy flirtations which the writer witnessed, in parks and rest homes, on picnics and outings, bear witness. It is only the decadent forms of sex exhibitionism, personal gossip, the

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unhealthy waste of time involved in spending hours and days waiting at the telephone, as Dorothy Parker's love-racked ladies do, that the best *Komsomols* resent. Life today is too rapid, too busy, too momentous to spend the whole day wondering: "Does Vania love me?" Olga goes and asks him. If he does, good; we take a room together. If he doesn't—too bad; but there are other men. And meanwhile what a full and fascinating life she has on her own. A job, responsibility, classes, social work, outings, sport, contests, plays. She is an achieving part of an achieving society.

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Ella Winter, the wife of Lincoln Steffens, is the author of a recent book on Soviet Russia, "Red Virtue."

An Immigrant Goes Back

(*Continued from first page*)

Old American. Born in Slovenia, his life here has been that of an immigrant, but not the old type of immigrant so earnestly engaged in Americanizing himself that all detachment from the American scene is quickly lost. His later youth was spent in that post-war period when both consciousness and criticism of the American system increased with a rapidity that gave rise to a whole literature. He saw and has recorded in his earlier books the results of the feverish industrialism of the twenties. He learned to be an American just when what was an American became a question to be debated. He saw the end of immigration, when the melting-pot was full and began to boil over. And then he went back to Europe and his boyhood home in Slovenia.

Europe to him was very different from the Europe that Mr. Howells or Mr. Longfellow would have gone to see. Europe was an almost forgotten country with a manner of life which the doubts and uncertainties of the social scene of the twenties in America made it seem imperative to investigate. If the hustle and bustle, and the competition, and the struggle for more and better plumbing, automobiles, and radios had left in the years of the great depression in America a nervous irritability in place of complacent confidence, and if an ugly poverty seemed to be succeeding to an ugly prosperity, it became important to study those vaguely remembered lands where there had always been poverty that seemed not to have been ugly, and where in a political system recalled as vicious there had been some happiness and much content. He went home, it seems, with a lively curiosity to see what the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters of the millions of Slavs who have worked our steel mills, dug our coal, cleaned our houses, and sometimes shared our riches, were like when they stayed at home.

It is clear what kind of a book Louis Adamic planned in advance when he was given a Guggenheim Fellowship for study abroad. It was to be a study of the politics, the society, the economics, the spirituality of that fascinating region which stretches from the Austrian Alps to the borders of Greece, and from the lovely Dalmatian Coast to the great plain of Kossovo, the region that little Serbia has expanded to rule under the name of Jugo-Slavia. Into this royalty of the Croats, the Serbs, and the Slovenes his still remembered Slavic tongue gave him an entrée which is denied to most of us. He was a thoroughly Americanized emigrant, but he had the blood and the tongue.

This book he wrote as part of the present volume, and I wish that I might take space to indicate the shrewdness of his comments on the problems and dangers of a military dictatorship over some of the most virile and independent races of the world, and the profit he drew from his wide experience as a laborer, soldier, journalist among the workers of America for his study of regions where the peasant type is still powerful and unspoiled, and where the underdogs of centuries of oppression by the Turks are trying to adjust themselves to the mechanized and imperialistic civilization of the West.

But in this brief review it seems more necessary to describe the book he did not intend to write, which is "The Native's Return," and which includes in a fine literary synthesis those facts about Jugo-Slavia which he went over to obtain. For the immigrant's return proved to be more than the progress of a scientific observer. Louis Adamic went home, home first to his native village and his family, and there in Slovenia, remembering the restless homelessness of the American immigrant, he discovered with a rush of emotion those timeless values which simple peasants in a simple life had kept intact. There have been few more poignant chapters written in recent years than "My Cousin Toné Marries" or "Death Waits for My Uncle Yanez," nor any better substance of essential humor than "Mr. Guggenheim and I Become a Legend." Various readers will take various satisfactions from his book. The travel-minded will like his accounts of the professional heroes of Montenegro, or of the high-perched village of Balichnik where the women wait eleven months for their husbands' return from work in the four quarters of the world. The political-minded will learn of one of the central problems in Europe, the country where wars start, a military autocracy set over the best soldiers in Europe who are learning that they are catspaws for the greedy powers. And I know of no recent travel book that is so rich in the information that really counts; not descriptions of cathedrals, castles, and scenery, though there is enough of this, but conversations with the great and the little; analyses of the nature of literature, art, and the homely philosophy of the native; frank exposures of the pull and haul of predatory interests, graft, prejudice, cruelty, and all that goes on beneath the surface that ordinary tourists see—best of all studies of types of character that Europe still possesses and Americans can envy. Yet in spite of all this information, too plentiful and too discursive in the latter part of the book, it is the grasp rather than reach which gives to Louis Adamic's work a frequent quality of authentic literature. The immigrant has come home again, a new man, an American man, yet finds it home and understands its spiritual qualities as no home-stayer, no alien, no mere sociologist however well trained could do. And his reborn Slavic soul colors and gives style to the English in which his mind has become articulate.

THE QUAY IN SPLIT, JUGO-SLAVIA
The boats are used as market-stalls

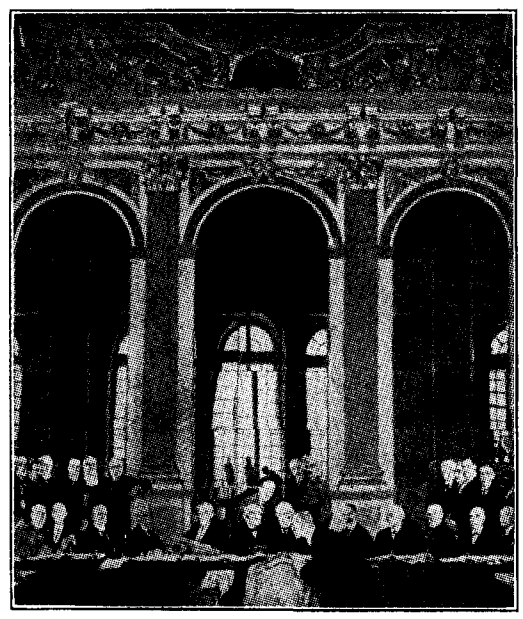
The Mirrors of Versailles

LORD RIDDELL'S INTIMATE DIARY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE AND AFTER. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

THE author of this book occupied a position in respect to Lloyd George something less influential than that of Colonel House to Woodrow Wilson and a bit more important than that of Man Friday to Robinson Crusoe. In fact, he was "L. G.'s" press agent, and by virtue of that fact presently became a peer. But even in the silences of the House of Lords he has remained at heart a press agent, as the present volume proves.

You get something of an illumination about the author by a little incident he narrates early in the volume. At the Conference of Spa—is there anyone still alive who remembers the Conference of Spa?—he came across a hat belonging to Marshal Foch. Automatically he measured it. Instinctively, he then measured his own. He was not mistaken. Alike in length and breadth, his hat exceeded that of the Marshal of Victory by a full half inch!



THE SIGNING OF THE VERSAILLES TREATY
Sir William Orpen's painting, from "Lord Riddell's Intimate Diary."

That was before the Washington Conference, too. After this memorable episode it is fair to assume the disparity was even greater. For it was at Washington that Lord Riddell proved his mettle. He it was (he tells a part of the story, here), who by borrowing an Italian copy of a French secret document and handing it over to the American reporters, abolished the Lafayette cult in the United States for several months at least.

For the American public, concluding that the French were responsible for the failure of the American program, proceeded to assail France with utmost fury. Meantime Riddell went home, assured that the Conference would prove—as it did—the greatest British naval victory since Trafalgar. Incidentally it was the greatest French diplomatic defeat in post-war history. And it was quite a time before the American public began to hunt for that naval parity with Britain which had somehow eluded them in the excitement over French navalism.

But Riddell began to show his ability in teaching American journalists to see European things accurately, that is in an Anglo-Saxon fashion, as far back as the Paris Peace Conference. Of course, to his mind Anglo-Saxon meant British, and the results were sometimes annoying to the American delegates. But Riddell was good at his job. He was so good, in fact, that the time ultimately came when European governments, despairing of finding his equal, politely requested the British Government to leave him at home, in later conferences. But by that time Lloyd George had fallen. So the thing was arranged.

Sir George Riddell, as he was in his famous days, was, however, something more than press-agent-in-extraordinary to King George's far-flung Commonwealth. By choice and election he was Lloyd George's inseparable companion during all the years from the Khaki Election to the accident in the Carlton Club that ended forever the residence of the greatest of Welshmen in Downing Street. In this time the men travelled together, ate together, talked together incessantly, unreservedly, day and night, over the conference table and around the golf links.

Having, moreover, "press-agented" Lloyd George through the active phase of his political career, Riddell has now undertaken to organize the opinions of posterity. Nor has he failed to display his customary shrewdness in choosing his moment. For his "Intimate Diary" appears concomitantly with Lloyd George's own autobiography. Thus while "L. G." tells the world what he did and why, Riddell is on hand to tell the same audience how the Prime Minister looked and what he said while he was doing it.

As a latter-day Boswell, however, Riddell suffers by comparison with the original. Perhaps the fault is not his. Certainly one must admit that his reports are "intimate." Nor is it possible to suggest that his account is inaccurate. On the contrary it is patently nothing of the sort. He was always on the spot and his diary was ready in his pocket all the time. The real trouble is that the picture is not merely a "close-up" but just a shade too close-up for comfort—let alone charm. And this is true in the case of Clemenceau, Foch, Woodrow Wilson, and Mr. Balfour, all of whom Riddell, thanks to his association with Lloyd George, saw frequently and at close range. The result is that he has preserved something trivial about every considerable figure that he met.

For while it might, in itself, be diverting to some to know how Napoleon Bonaparte, for example, looked in a bathing suit, it would not necessarily supply an authentic picture of the man who harangued the Old Guard just before it charged. Certainly you would have seen a fat and physically little man, but would it have helped to an understanding of the great Emperor?

Invariably Riddell sees the great actor just before he goes on the stage and immediately after he comes off. He can tell you how much paint he had on his face, how he managed to tear his coat just before the climax of the great scene, what he said to the dresser when he came off-stage. All that is lacking is the perception of the thing which moved the audience to emotion, to laughter, or to tears. He prods Lloyd George in the deep stomach or slaps him on the broad back and you see how human the hero really is—nothing, in fact, but the heroic evades you.

The trouble really is, I suspect, that while it has been proven that a man may be a hero to his valet, it is demonstrably impossible for a statesman to be a hero to his press agent. That is why, with the best intention in the world to do well by "L. G." and with a sincere affection for him disclosed on every page, Riddell has managed to do the former prime minister more harm than any one of his hostile critics from Northcliffe to Lord Asquith of Oxford. Setting out to make him human, he has succeeded in making him common.

I have searched through the vast mass of anecdotes with which the book is crammed to find an example which will illustrate my point. Perhaps the following will do. Riddell has just told Lloyd George that Clemenceau had said of Wilson: "He is a nice man and means well." "L .G." responds:

> The old dog (Clemenceau) does not believe in all these newfangled schemes. He thinks the world will go on much as before and you can't really alter things. Well, Wilson has gone back home with

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a bundle of assignats. I have returned with a pocket full of sovereigns in the shape of the German Colonies, Mesopotamia, etc. Everyone to his taste.

Invariably there is a note of patronage when the master speaks before his Boswell. Take this for example:

> Of course I loved old Clemenceau. He was a delightful person to work with, such personality and so much wit. It is true that we had several sets to . . . But we got on very well, taking all things into account.

All of which is very fine in its way, but I recall that the last time I saw Clemenceau, he said to me:

> You knew President Wilson, you knew his peculiarities, but for one thing I shall remain grateful to him to the day of my death. For except for his presence, I could not have lived with Lloyd George for a single day—not one!

Unquestionably the book has a certain value. It gives you a glimpse of Paris as it was in the days of the Peace Conference. Not such a picture as you get in Harold Nicolson's "Peacemaking." For there the trivial was sharply outlined against the background of a supreme tragedy sensitively perceived. Even when one saw the great leaders acting like children playing with matches, there was the realization that the matches might light a worldwide conflagration.

Riddell is oblivious to all that side of the great drama he sees so clearly. He sets down what he heard people say and records who they were in footnotes to enable Americans and Colonials to appreciate the company he kept. Sometimes he stumbles on a phrase or a scene so significant that even his report of it does not wholly hide the importance. But usually Riddell himself gets between you and the man he is describing or the incident he is reporting. You may glean something of value, but not very much. He can tell you the size of Foch's hat, but what went on under that hat does not interest him. On the contrary he measures it with his own.

At the very close he sets down King George's reply to a question as to how he is getting on with the Labor Government—"Very well!" the King responded. "My grandmother would have hated it, my father would have tolerated it, but I move with the times." The King, however, did not say this to Riddell. In fact, no one did say much of importance to him. But he has set down faithfully what they did say.

Frank H. Simonds, who was a foreign correspondent during the war, has just brought up to date his book, "Can Europe Keep the Peace?"

Mental Hygiene

MENTAL HYGIENE IN THE COMMUNITY. By Clara Bassett. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN SCHOOLCRAFT

TO the lay organizer in the mental hygiene movement this book is a godsend. Such an organizer is always faced by two problems. First, he must capture the interest of the "key" people in a community. This Miss Bassett's book will admirably do. Second, he must hold that interest until a clinic is established into which energies can be poured. Here the book is also of value, for the questions appended to each chapter are such that a lay group can busy itself in scrutinizing its own community and finding out what conditions are on the home grounds.

The appeal to the lay organizer is, however, only one appeal of a book well thought out and, as far as the problem is concerned, factually well propped. It covers the place of mental hygiene in medicine, nursing, law, social work, and divinity. In addition it goes deeply into mental hygiene and industry and mental hygiene and child training.

The book fails where all works on the same subject fail—in offering proof of the pudding. It is a common criticism that mental hygiene is "oversold and underproduced." It has none of the dazzling downward curves which are the glory of the anti-diphtheria and anti-tuberculosis movements. But then that is one reason why mental hygiene is Quixotic.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

AN ARTIST

A VERY pleasant adventure: walking up Sixth Avenue in the mid-Forties I saw a delightful little old gentleman made up (whether intentionally or not) somewhat in the fig of Mr. S. S. Van Dine. He wore a silk topper, artificial moustache and goat-beard, frock coat, wing collar, yellow gloves, flower on lapel, St. Thomas's trews, and spats. Over his arm a cane was hooked; he carried a dispatch case on which was written large THE KENNEL MURDER CASE, WALDORF THEATRE. He minced and sidled to and fro, paused to gaze randomly in feigned abstraction, coquettishly shift his cane from elbow to wrist, to flirt his briefcase about, bow to a taxicab, get his feet in step, and otherwise register the casual jitters of a senescent dilettante. It was a skilful and highly diverting performance, and all up the street pedestrians were watching and cackling. Even I, in the sombre mood of Overdue Copy, could not resist a laugh. I stopped and, taking the professional liberty of an old trouper, I said: "A swell performance."

He paused, dropped his character for a moment, and I could see fatigue and anxiety in his eyes.

"It's not going over the way it ought," he said. "I don't seem to feel it, this afternoon." Then the gleam of the true artist came back in his face. "But you should see me do the Old Farmer. Boy, that's an Act."

PENDULUM AND PIT

At the dinner eaten in Philadelphia recently in honor of Edgar Allan Poe, Tom Daly recalled an incident some years ago when the Three Hours for Lunch Club made its official pilgrimage to that city. (The purpose of that excursion, incidentally, was "to make New York and Philadelphia love each other." The latter city took the idea so seriously that an eminent Philadelphian promptly bought the New York *Evening Post*, in whose office the Three Hours for Lunch Club was born; and it has remained in Philadelphia hands ever since.) Mr. Daly says, in his column in the *Evening Bulletin:*

> The travellers were taken up into the tower of Independence Hall. Carroll Frey now tells us that he happened to be walking beside Francis Carlin, New York poet, when the room below the clock was reached, and that when Carlin saw the pendulum swinging in its glass case he immediately exclaimed: "The pit and the pendulum!" And now, says Mr. Frey, why may this not have suggested Poe's famous story to him? Poe's office at 227 Dock Street was so near to Independence Hall it is not unlikely that the poet and romancer frequently visited the clock-tower.

TWICE OR THRICE?

SIR:—As a faithful reader of Messrs. Rollins's and Winterich's department, *The Compleat Collector*, I've long been familiar with their motto, "Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold"—which refers, of course, to old books, not to Mr. Rollins and Mr. Winterich. Judge then of my anxiety when I accidentally find this line (in Hoyt's *Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations*) attributed to Dr. John Ferriar and given as "Now cheaply bought for *thrice* their weight in gold." Which, I wonder, is correct? I fear that in the present devaluation of gold *thrice* is more likely.

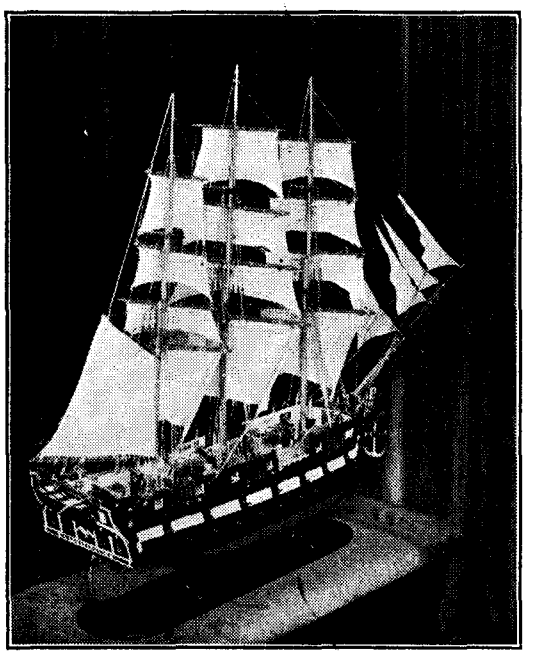
And who was the Dr. Ferriar from whose *Bibliomania* the line is quoted?

SOEBEN ERSCHIENEN.

New York City.

We always read with interest the bulletins from Antioch College (Yellow Springs, Ohio). In an address made a year ago by Dr. Arthur Morgan, president of Antioch, we find the following:—

> A short, perhaps hectic, period of replenishment of goods may put all surplus labor to work for a time, but the present American program of inadequate distribution of the products of industry will soon bring evil results again. Such unequal distribution in Europe and Asia has resulted in mass poverty for centuries at a time, while all the time there was surplus available for war and for conspicuous waste. Without conscious design, we may repeat that process. One step away from it would be a program of shortened days and weeks of work, with distribution of work among the whole people. Another step would be in extending rather than in shortening the school period, so that young men and women would be kept out of competition longer and be better prepared when they do begin work. That would require a revolution in education, so that education would teach skill and ability to work as well as academic subjects. Cooperation between school and industry in developing stamina and workmanship in young people is highly desirable. Under genuinely educational control, we should get over our fear of child labor. Labor and leisure are both necessary experience for youth.



U. S. S. "CONSTITUTION"
From a model by Victor Pietron.

Mr. August W. Hutaf allows the Green to print a photo of his exact scale model of the old frigate *Constitution*. It was made (18 months' work) by Victor Pietron, 13 Bergenline Avenue, Union City, N. J. The stern lifeboat alone, Gus Hutaf tells us, took one month to make. The model represents the *Constitution* as she was originally, before her various alterations. Mr. Pietron, who is glad to undertake commissions for ship models, visited the *Constitution* in Boston and made all his measurements on the spot.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

SIR:—"Charing Cross" mentions a Mycroft Holmes cocktail in a recent number of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. I can name one ingredient of such a cocktail. It is "pollinaris water." If "Charing Cross" recalls O. Henry's *Lost Blend*, he will remember the futile experiments of Riley and McQuirk, and the inspiration of the "pollinaris water." O. Henry's lost blend, and the subtle, elusive Mycroft cocktail must surely be identical. As an award for naming one essential of this elusive philtre, I claim one of the two volumes promised.

It has always seemed peculiar that the two cases in which Mycroft appears, should be, in my opinion, the best and the worst of the saga. *The Bruce-Partington Plans* is not surpassed by any tale in the series. One must agree with Watson that never had Holmes risen to greater heights. Here we get a pleasing picture of Mycroft. We see him as a man of vigor and keenness, despite his lethargic bulk. He springs from his chair. Even allowing for the exigencies of the situation, and the "representations from the highest quarter," we still picture him as alert and alive.

In *The Greek Interpreter* we have a disappointing contrast. The situation is weak, and Sherlock really solves nothing. The author even belittles our hero by having him admit that "again and again" he has taken his problems to Mycroft. We like to have Sherlock handle his problems himself. In no other case is our confidence in the detective so sadly shaken. Mycroft is somewhat disappointing. He appears as an inert hulk, incapable of exciting our enthusiasm. Even his eyes are light watery gray, in contrast to their alert steel gray in the *Bruce-Partington Plans*. (Perhaps during the elapsed time between the two adventures he was treated by Dr. Doyle, who effected the marked improvement in the appearance of the eyes.)

One often thinks that Conan Doyle missed a wonderful opportunity. He did not create quite the perfect Holmes story. Why did he never have Sherlock and Mycroft collaborate on a case? Such a tale, with tireless Sherlock doing the field work, and Mycroft digesting data and notes in the depths of his Diogenes club armchair, would surely have deserved the creation of a subtle ambrosial cocktail.

H. R. STAHL.

Desloge, Missouri.

Speaking of good old books, there's a volume—you could very likely find a copy of it at Mr. O'Malley's delightful second-hand bookstore on Columbus Avenue—which has a table of contents that never fails to arouse delight. This work is cast in the form of letters to various persons. Here are a few of them:

To a Young Man of Letters Who Worked Excessively
To a Student Who Neglected Bodily Exercise
To a Moralist Who Had Said That There Was a Want of Moral Fibre in the Intellectual, Especially in Poets and Artists
To a Moralist Who Said That Intellectual Culture Was Not Conducive to Sexual Morality
To a Friend Who Recommended the Author to Learn This Thing and That
To a Man of Business Who Desired to Make Himself Better Acquainted with Literature, But Whose Time for Reading Was Limited
To a Young Gentleman of Intellectual Tastes, Who, Without Having As Yet Any Particular Lady in View, Had Expressed, in a General Way, His Determination to Get Married
To a Lady of High Culture Who Found It Difficult to Associate with Persons of Her Own Sex
To a Young Man of the Middle Class, Well Educated, Who Complained That It Was Difficult For Him to Live Agreeably With His Mother, a Person of Somewhat Authoritative Disposition, But Uneducated
To a Young Etonian Who Thought of Becoming a Cotton Spinner
To an Author Who Kept Very Irregular Hours
To a Student Who Felt Hurried and Driven
To a Friend Who Often Changed His Place of Residence

These are only a few of these ingeniously chosen recipients of advice. To spare unnecessary correspondence I will state that the title of this once famous but now unfashionable book is *The Intellectual Life*, by P. G. Hamerton. . . . Mr. O'Malley remarks that there is another of Hamerton's books, entitled *Human Intercourse*, which is more often looked at, but never bought, than any other work on his shelves. The casual customer always supposes it to be something quite different.

Another observation at O'Malley's bookstore: that the phrase *doggone it*, so frequent in our boyhood, is more ancient than I supposed. For in *Noctes Ambrosianæ* John Wilson quotes it as ejaculated by Mr. Blackwood, the famous publisher, when copy was late for the magazine. It was said by Mr. Blackwood as "*dog on it.*"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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A Newspaper Personality

BY JOHN PALMER GAVIT

To many generations of Americans the tradition and influence of the New York Evening Post *was of such importance that any change in its directorship becomes of nation-wide interest and concern. Mr. Gavit, a former Managing Editor of that newspaper, has set down some thoughts on the matter, motivated by the recent change in the* Post's *ownership. We ourselves have special pleasure in putting on record this vigorous expression of a journalistic ideal, for this* Review *is a direct offspring of one phase of the old* Evening Post. *As our readers know, the* Saturday Review of Literature *was founded in* 1924 *to continue the original purposes of the* Post's *book section. It has always hoped to do its part in carrying on an inheritance which descended through William Cullen Bryant, Carl Schurz, Godkin, Garrison, and many other notable writers. The dream of the Perfect Paper has been lucubrated by journalists ever since the eighteenth century coffee houses.*

THE *New York Evening Post* has—again—passed into "other hands." Its career, from the time of its establishment in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton to this day, is about the most convincing exhibit of reincarnation that I know of. As James Freeman Clarke once said of the Holy Bible, it must be divinely protected—to have survived its long history of vicissitudes at the hands of its interpreters. Here it is again, stepping down from the auction-block. . . .

It is quite appropriate to liken a newspaper to a slave. You can buy, feed or starve, coddle or abuse, dress or tattoo, beat, or even kill its body. In other words, you can possess and change its name and physical appearance—turn it into a tabloid, for instance—or suppress it entirely. The extent to which you can acquire and command its soul is something else altogether. That depends upon many factors, among which—chief among them—is your own appreciation of and mutual response to its *essential personality.* Incidentally, in the case of a newspaper, whether you can make your ownership successful in the financial sense depends upon the relationship between that personality and the community which in the large has a personality of its own. The entity as a whole is an interweaving of many elements; from the spirit and atmosphere within the office to the reactions of the most distant reader who, exasperated by some editorial attitude, writes a letter to the editor, or maybe "stops the paper." It is a mysterious business.

To describe the essential character of a newspaper is as nearly impossible as to describe that of a man. One may sense it as a whole but be unable to put it into words. This is particularly true of the "old" *Evening Post,* with which for many years it was my privilege to be associated. The most understanding and devoted of the veterans of that incarnation to save his life could not adequately define or enumerate those ineffable things that combine to thrill his memory and give him background against which to appraise other and vastly different experiences. We who shared that unique privilege know that there was something about it *sui generis.* For one thing, our service was not so much employment as participation, in an endeavor enlisting devotion and loyalty not to be expressed by the word "obedience." We were unaware of the existence of Ownership, save as that ultimate reality guaranteed us against outside influence, of advertiser or anybody else. Indeed, we knew that the ownership as such regarded itself as on principle estopped from any interference tending to stay our hands. Upon more than one occasion I saw the man who owned the paper as one owns his shirt, plead for some cause of keen interest and faith to him personally, be turned down by the editorial council, and—take it on the chin! As a matter of course. It was more important that the paper should be free than that it should be right.

Naturally arises the question whether fidelity to that spirit and the editorial policy expressive of it may not be in practical fact incompatible with business success. Without intent here to meet that question—I am talking about something else—I must say that I do not think so. What has been happening these past fifteen years is no test or proof of what the "old" *Evening Post* might be and do today with adequate resources, under wise experienced management, with full fidelity to the old traditions.

But what were those?

Imagine a man, such as once in a blue moon it is our privilege to meet, who is the life and delight of any circle; who adds to personal charm and lovability great qualities of heart and mind and force of character. His circumference of intellectual, moral, and spiritual interest is all-inclusive: nothing within the confines of the universe is to him a matter of indifference. Alive he is, with ever-youthful unquenchable eagerness about what is being thought and said and done everywhere. He can talk not only soundly and accurately, wittily and entertainingly, but with a genius for interpretation, about politics, local, national, international; art, philosophy, finance and economics, history, religion, biology, electricity, cooking, baseball and boxing, archæology, fishing, psychology, spiritualism, child-training, literature old and new . . . and so on through the whole gamut of human interest, knowledge, and curiosity. He talks about subjects, simple or abstruse, in such fashion and with such abundance of information and clarity that not only can the specialist in any field find no fault with it, but the commonplace person shall understand, and suddenly find in a subject of which he never heard before his own interest and concern. He is never ponderous, pedantic, or dull; he never bores anybody. He is not overwhelmed by the awful solemnity of life—he can laugh, even at himself—indeed his usual and characteristic expression is a smile. Which makes only the more terrifying his indignation.

Of style and manners—he "follows the fashion; yet not so far behind as to look like the beginning of another procession." He speaks—as Shakespeare did—in the vernacular, the common tongue of common folk, and is not averse to useful slang upon occasion; but he knows and prefers his "English undefiled." He relies upon his vocabulary to carry its own emphasis; he is, so to say, sparing of his bold-face type. He rarely shouts; when he does, you'd better believe there's Something Doing! His taste is sound; he will not tolerate bad art in any form—cartoons, for example. Regardless of their meaning, they must be well done. He is aware that times change, and we change with them; he is not subservient to any Mrs. Grundy; but he knows also that there are fundamental criteria, laws and ratios unchangeable in the nature of things. No mere fads shake his fidelity to the substantial. In art, music, drama, literature, as in every other field, he speaks with the authority and worthwhileness of one who knows what he is talking about. For him a good new picture, musical composition, or bit of writing in any form or language, a great invention, a development in industry or agriculture, exploration, or science is as exciting a piece of News as battle, murder, or sudden death. But he knows about ward politics, prize-fights, and three-alarm fires, too, as he does about everything else that interests people. Above all, he is human.

Like all other thinking persons, he has his "bugs," obsessions, complexes, and phobias—you have to make allowance for them—but he is tolerant of opposition and differing opinion. Like other gentlemen (in the best sense of that abused expression) he suffers no humiliation in acknowledging that he knows more today than he did yesterday—in short, that he was mistaken. Free speech is a cornerstone in his social philosophy; he will fight for the right of his adversary, whose views are anathema to him, to a patient, respectful hearing.

He is deeply religious, in that he is profoundly concerned about the meaning of life, the relations of mankind and of all creation to the Universal, the Eternal. The essence of the Golden Rule, whether in the words of Jesus, Gautama Buddha, Lao Tze, Confucius, Mahomet, or anybody else past, present, or future, constitutes the practicable aspect of his personal creed, the inspiration of his personal activities and of his aspiration for humanity. Incapable of any form of bigotry or sectarianism, he is tolerant of all creeds; to him all races, as such, look alike. To him, "a man's a man."

He is proud of his country; of what it has been and done in the past, but much more proud of what it may be and do in the future. He has no patience with chauvinism, with "hundred-per-cent" superpatriotism, ultra-nationalism, in any guise or place—least of all with such in his own people. He understands what time it is in the world, and puts the militarist, the professional soldier, in his place. Like Carl Schurz, sometime editor of the *Evening Post,* he says, not "My Country, right or wrong"; but "My Country—when right to to be kept right, when wrong to be put right!" He loves the Flag so much that he will not permit it to cloak injustice or aggression at home or abroad, or suffer it to serve as disguise or refuge for any kind of scoundrel between the gutter and the White House.

He may on principle have preference of party on the whole, but he is an incurable independent; free to support candidates and policies regardless of party, and distinguishing between municipal housekeeping and business management and the larger national and international issues. Locally, he is an active member of the community. He discovers, initiates, leads, movements for the public welfare; as much interested in the slum as in the boulevard. He never confuses wealth, respectability, or social influence with either importance or righteousness; nor on the other hand does he tolerate the demagogue who plays upon envy and class hatred. He knows no class. He is capable of blazing indignation at every form of corruption, meanness, injustice; especially in high places. He will institute and lead crusades to ferret out, expose, and punish them. All politicians fear and mostly hate him, but he always commands their respect.

He is at once soundly conservative and sanely radical. That is to say, he does not go off at half-cock, but once convinced follows through aggressively, if need be sensationally, without counting the cost and regardless alike of respectability or

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following. He wants to know the facts and circumstances, well aware that circumstances alter cases. In any choice between property and people, he is for people. But he is not stampeded by any hysteria; the Mob, however large or vociferous, speaks with no authority to him. He is no slave of slogans, no coward before epithets; he is best pleased when extremists at both ends are calling him at once "Red" and "Reactionary." He insists that a new thing, designed to supplant an old, must show; that the burden of proof is upon the innovator. Nevertheless he realizes, and teaches fearlessly, that no chick can be hatched without breaking the shell; that Progress is the story of Son's finding out for himself that the Old Man didn't know—the story of the outgrowing and scrapping of old things and ways and attitudes. So his face is ever to the front, and while he wants to know where he is going to set his foot, he gives the benefit of the doubt to the forward step.

He is congenitally truthful. He knows by instinct that a lie, half-truth, deliberate misinterpretation, however ostensibly well-meant, is handle for all the devil's tools; that the truth is true no matter who says it, and can be relied upon to be its own justification and to win in the long run. He can stand alone, he fears no crucifixion. He can go down in defeat, his flag still flying undismayed. So, and so only, does he command the confidence of his fellow-men. This is his long-term investment, his ultimate capital. This is why men covet his good opinion; this is why his considered critical dissent is a serious thing, his denunciation a thunderbolt, a blast of destruction. Yet in every touch and place of life he is chivalrous, fights fair, and demands fair play; wants the best man to win on his merits. He would be ashamed of any other kind of victory. This is the essence of sportsmanship, as it is of public service.

This is, in the main, the kind of character and personality to which in my time and long before, the *Evening Post* aspired. Somewhat morbidly self-conscious and smugly self-righteous about it at times, to be sure; grudging about its own enthusiasms and chilling to those of others; too frequently querulous and snarling in its criticism; too seldom smashing in its denunciation. Yet, despite its flaws and shortcomings, with all allowance for human ups-and-downs, I believe it to have been all-in-all the most feared, the most respected, the most influential newspaper in America. Add now, to the qualities which I have outlined, efficiency in action, initiative and speed and certainty of touch; experience, shrewdness, and diligence in business; courage and determination to win against all comers, not by ballyhoo but by being the best, and you will have an *Evening Post* that people of all sorts within its natural but very wide limitations of constituency will love and trust—and fight for.

This, as I conceive it, is the personality of the *Evening Post* awaiting reincarnation.

A sale of Conrad letters was held at Sotheby and Co., London, in December. The series contained one hundred and five letters written to Madame Poradowska of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, described as follows in Sotheby's catalogue:

> With two exceptions all these letters are unpublished, and as over ninety of them were written between 1890 and 1895 they throw much new light on Conrad's life before he settled as a writer in London. Several are written from shipboard, and give some idea of the vicissitudes of a sailor's life; others come from Libreville, Matadi, and Kinchassa, and describe the writer's experience of savage or distant countries of which he made so much use in his novels. We hear something of his hopes and ambitions, of his struggle to make a living, first as a sailor, then as an author, much of his wretched health, and something also of his philosophy of life. He speaks of reading Anatole France, who left him cold, while Flaubert, Daudet and Maupassant aroused his warmest admiration. He frequently re-read Mme. Poradowska's book *Yoga* and always with pleasure, and occasionally discusses literary questions with her, particularly with regard to *Almayer's Folly*, his first published book. We learn, for example, the exact sum paid for the copyright, and the exact day and hour at which the book was finished. . . .

One Woman's Story

THE STATE VERSUS ELINOR NORTON. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MRS. RINEHART is, in my opinion, always worth reading. She can create humorous human characters; she can write mystery stories inducing a real shudder. So far as romance is concerned, though her treatment of it is not particularly distinguished, and her men of romance seem to bear a certain hall-mark given them by popular women novelists, she is still pretty close to actual average life. Her publishers call this present book her first romantic novel since "This Strange Adventure;" yet despite the three men chiefly concerned in it, I have found its main interest to be in Mrs. Rinehart's tracing of a sequence of situations leading up to what is regarded in law as a capital offense. Outside of a little repetition in recapitulation, this is the kind of thing the author does best.

The book contains no very profound studies of psychology, but it is a well-knit narrative providing the proper suspense. The characters themselves are in no sense profound people. They are merely people of our day, people one might meet and not be particularly interested in. The heroine is, actually, not a very interesting girl—the interest is in what happens to her.

What impressed me most in the novel, which is after all an ephemeral book though readable, was the excellent introduction toward the end (opening of Chapter XXIX) of the closing words of the prosecuting attorney, after we have had unravelled before us the true account of the sequence of events. He speaks precisely as he would for the law, the law he calls "justice." He speaks perfectly logically for the law. "It serves," he says, "not sentiment and emotion, but justice." And yet the jury acquits Elinor Norton, as I, had I been serving upon that jury, would most certainly have acquitted her.

Whether the quality of mercy, as presented by Shakespeare, has anything to do with the quality of justice, will always be arguable, I suppose. It certainly has everything to do with equity. The law judges by fact. If you kill anyone with premeditation the punishment is death. Mrs. Norton was most certainly guilty of murder, though not actually, as the prosecuting attorney thought he had proved, of premeditation. But the author's interest in the story was to show how an entirely innocent human being of fine qualities could be driven by circumstance into committing a murder; to see as nearly as possible with the eye of whatever gods there be. She has made this convincing, and the harassed mind and emotions of Elinor Norton pitiful in their humanness.

Mrs. Rinehart has avoided making the extreme narrowness and selfishness of the heroine's mother into ogreishness. The woman is a recognizable type. It is infinitely strange that "that old-time religion" and the old view of "polite society" could create such people. But they did; and in many parts of the world the same forces are still at work. Elinor Norton was as much the victim of convention as of the men she knew. But her very lack of strong individuality somehow makes the book more impressive to me as—what I am sure it was never in the strongest sense intended to be—a document adverse to organized society.

For Mrs. Rinehart is a recorder merely. Yet implications spread from her book like ripples, and, if you follow some of them far enough through the maze of what is known as civilization, you may find them lap at last on a particularly desolate shore. The search of the individual life for fulfilment is so complicated in any ordered social scheme we have so far known! Which is, after all, one reason for novelists.

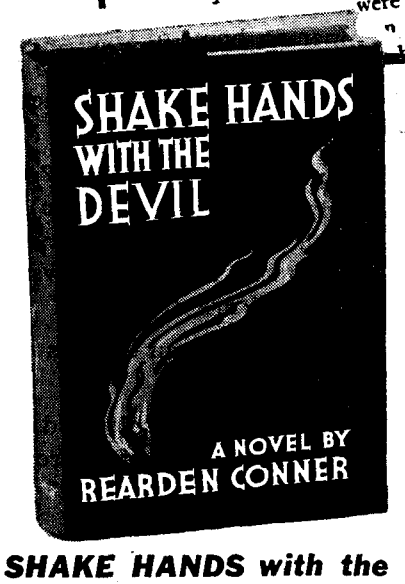
In this book Mrs. Rinehart has done well the job she set herself. It has its limitations, but she tells a good story, and makes a pretty commonplace girl achieve stature through tragedy. I do regret the face of the pleasant-looking octoroon on the book's jacket! That, surely, is not Mrs. Rinehart's heroine!

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL .... today

I

DUBLIN WAS QUIET THAT AFTERNOON BEFORE THE BOMB was thrown. Since early morning no snap of shot had agitated the raw spring air. The previous night had been hideous with gunfire. Few, in the north side of the city at any rate, had slept soundly. To-day the citizens went about their affairs as though unconscious of the fact that they were carrying their lives in their hands. Women shopped with noses for bargains; children played in side-streets, sometimes using as toys the spent bullet-cases littering the pavements from the night before. Hags gossiped in alleyways. Prostitutes paraded up and down O'Connell Street and made eyes at friend and foe alike. Everybody, old and young, seemed to possess the faculty of submerging their air of expectancy in the urge of preoccupation.

The city was like this late in the afternoon when the [illegible] were leaving the Royal College of Sur- [illegible] drifted away from the little group [illegible] had collected on the pavement out- [illegible] The air



THE riot of guerilla warfare in Dublin meant nothing to young Kerry Sutton until he stepped in the path of a motor lorry — and was swept into a bloody revolution. The studious carefree life he had known changed instantly into one of bloodshed and violence, into a Hell of bombs and machine guns, where even the woman he loved was in danger of being shot. Such is *Shake Hands with the Devil*, a novel of angry days, and a story of youth that will thrill and fascinate you; but more, it is also a novel of many men and women, of a struggling, loving, hating people who fight with fierce energy for freedom by means of the most powerful secret army in the world today.

SHAKE HANDS with the DEVIL is the Literary Guild selection for February. $2.50 at bookstores, and just published by Morrow

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PRINCIPAL PLACES

The dotted area is the imaginary State of Winnemac, "bounded," says Sinclair Lewis, "by Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana."

1 Zenith, chief city of Winnemac, home of George F. Babbitt, Samuel Dodsworth, and Lowell F. Schmaltz (*The Man Who Knew Coolidge*) and scene for a time of the activities of Martin Arrowsmith and Elmer Gantry.

2 New York, home of William Wrenn (*Our Mr. Wrenn*), Una Golden (*The Job*), and Ralph Prescott (*Mantrap*), and temporary residence of various characters, particularly Carl Ericson (*The Trail of the Hawk*), Martin Arrowsmith, Ann Vickers, and Myron Weagle (*Work of Art*).

3 Oakland, California, where Carl Ericson decides and begins to be an aviator.

4 Seattle, Washington, to which Claire Boltwood of Brooklyn, New York, and Milt Daggett of Schoenstrom, Minnesota, motor (*Free Air*) from somewhere near Gopher Prairie.

5 Gopher Prairie, often identified with Sauk Centre, Minnesota, home of Dr. and Mrs. Kennicott (*Main Street*).

6 Washington, D. C., where Carol Kennicott rests from Gopher Prairie.

7 Mohalis, where Martin Arrowsmith studies at the University of Winnemac.

8 Wheatsylvania, North Dakota, where Martin Arrowsmith has a country practice.

9 Nautilus, Iowa, where Martin Arrowsmith engages in public health service.

10 Terwillinger College, Kansas, scene of Elmer Gantry's education and early triumphs.

11 Clontar, New Jersey, where Elmer Gantry's career as evangelist ends.

12 Banjo Crossing, Winnemac, where Elmer Gantry has his first Methodist pastorate.

13 Waubanakee, Illinois, where Ann Vickers grows up.

14 Point Royal College, Connecticut, where Ann Vickers is educated.

15 Copperhead Gap Penitentiary, in the unnamed State, where Ann Vickers has experience.

16 Black Thread Center, Connecticut, where Myron Weagle establishes his Perfect Inn.

17 Lemuel, Kansas, where Myron Weagle settles down.

To indicate all the places where minor actions in the novels occur would be to star the whole map, most thickly in the Middle West and the Northeast, most thinly in the Lower South and the Southwest.

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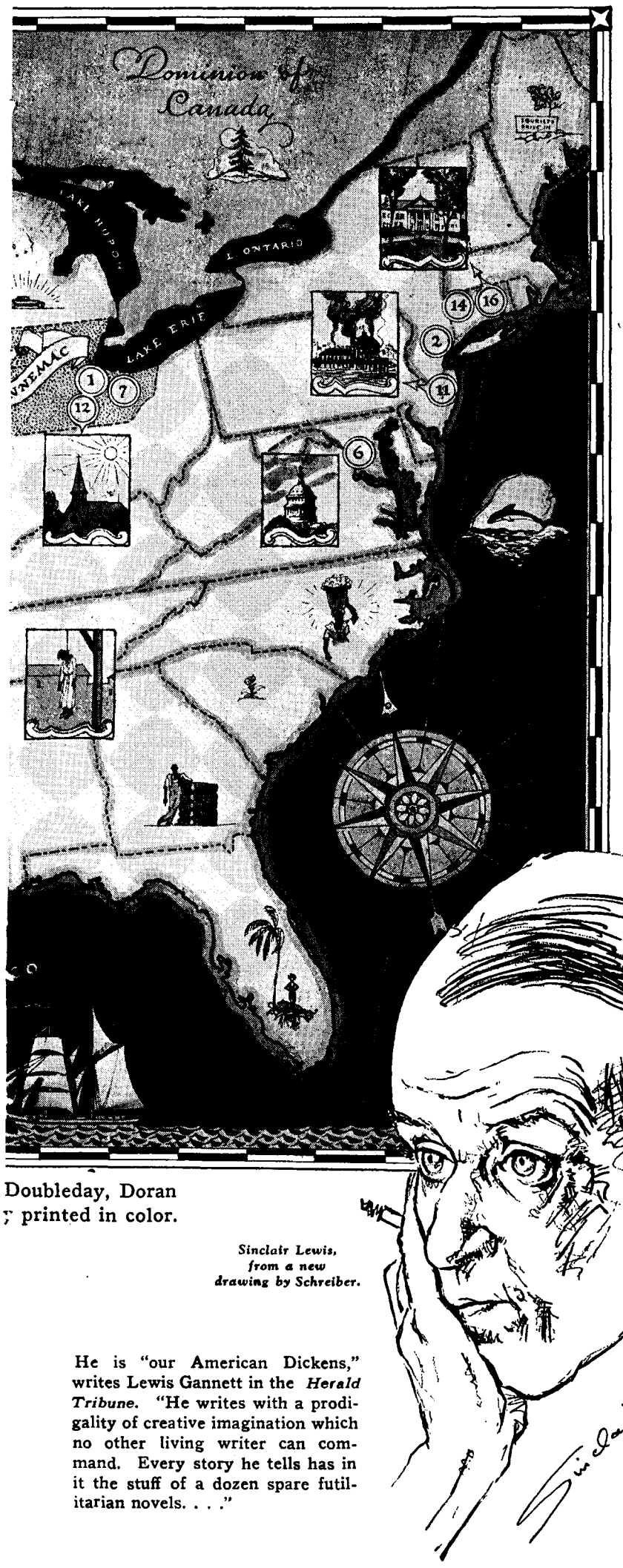
AIR LEWIS' Unit



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Savage Document

UPSURGE. By Robert Gessner. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $1.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WHATEVER else this poem may fail to do, it cannot fail to rouse the reader. It is violent, high-pitched, and critics will undoubtedly point out that it is utterly lacking in Olympian calm; but it is also clean-cut, unaffected, and completely spontaneous. There will, of course, be cries of "propaganda," and the author would be, I imagine, the first to admit the charge. But it is not, as most propagandist poems are supposed to be, a message at the expense of art. It is not an evasion of art; it is an art.

Except for its unfortunately literary title, "Upsurge" speaks with full-throated power; its phrases, stripped and naked of ornament, thrust themselves sharply from the printed page. First of all, this is a distinctly American poem, American in speed and background and unquestionably written in the American language. Within its forty pages is sketched a world-panorama in which revolution is nearer than just around the corner. The effect is accomplished by a series of flashes. We see the paradox of America with its enormous energies, its endless resources, and its homeless and hungry multitudes, the "depression bastards," the cities freezing and starving while hogs are forbidden to be marketed and cotton is plowed under. The scene shifts to England, to Southampton, "The empty mouth of the World's Empire," Oxford and Cambridge, "poor-houses of thought," the abortive but significant sailors' strike at Invergordon, Hyde Park, and the frantic government appeals: "Buy British or the world buys you." Then across to France, "an old Madam, grey and careful," "men pouring concrete on the frightened earth," "forty million gas masks hanging on a wall." Then Germany, with its evil contrast of nudist night-clubs and its glorification of rampant "Aryanism," of homosexuality publicly permitted and freedom of thought prohibited by penalty of death, of the old Germany with "bright fields with neat fences, green rolling up to the stones of farmhouses" and a new nation gone mad celebrating Hitler and Horst Wessel. Then Russia, "great throat harshly crying for life, giant of body, infant in weakness," "faces of steel, chemicals, airplanes; flesh-warm, fertile," "Fingers furrowing the land"—

> Up with the earth,
> Rock after rock;
> We have no time,
> We have all time.

Then back to America, to the unemployed marching on Dearborn, "Give us back our jobs, Ford," to the Scottsboro boys in KK country, to the miners, "the Americans imprisoned in the homes they bomb," to where "Tom Mooney's body lies a-mouldering in its cell," and to a climax which cannot be described and which would be ruined by separate quotation.

"Upsurge" is by no means flawless. No single page can stand alone as proof of its power; it depends upon the quick succession of flashes for its gathering effect. Rhythmically it is rough-shod, sometimes sure in its stride, sometimes awkward, and, occasionally, ending in an uncalculated stumble. The poorest passages are those in rhyme, a device which the author patently does not know how to use. But there are compensations. There is a keen intelligence at work here as well as a swift imagination, and no little humor. The humor is, not unnaturally, the humor of ironic contrast—as in the scene where Mr. Gessner satirizes those, like E. E. Cummings in "Eimi," who complain of the Soviet's lack of esthetics and tissue paper.

> I-am-I artists from the Left Bank looking for individuality in prostitution—
> And old men plodding to the chatter of a foreign doggerel,
> Bent back, coming from secret prayers;
> Old women, huddled, following
> On their faces the beauty of their Testament.

"Upsurge" looks to no soft heaven; the new social order, which may be either a prophecy or merely a wish-fulfilment, will be brought about less by the intelligentsia than by "the belly-conscious"—

> We, gaunt in overalls, bearded with want,
> Leanest of the lean men of America,
> Tall farmers rising from the earth,
> Knotted fists around shotguns,
> dirt hands around fence-posts,
> rocks in wrinkled paws:
>
> Pay farmers not to farm?
> Pay cotton not to grow?
> Pay people not to eat?
>
> Give us back the land and we'll run it!

Perhaps, after all, this is not poetry—certainly not poetry wrapped in the carefully folded toga with the proper purple patch. Perhaps it is "only propaganda," like the reprehensible and stirring "Peace on Earth." But, like that impressionistic drama, it is something besides a piece of writing; it is a public service.

A Scientific Villain

THE SPIDER IN THE CUP. By Joseph Shearing. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

IF its plot were recited as a mere skeleton of events, this novel would sound for the most part like a rather interesting but decidedly melodramatic tale, with distinct touches of a murder mystery. On account of its style, its setting, and its two main character studies, however, it is something considerably more.

Its hero-villain, Monsieur Louis de Saint Paulle, is not merely the charming adventurer who—to her own amazement—enchants and seduces a cool young English girl on her first venture into life, and calmly poisons any relatives who stand between him and the fortune he desires; he is also the suave and intelligent student of men and—more relevantly—of science in the shape of Pasteur's new contributions in bacteriology with its accompanying possibilities of power by the criminal use of poisonous injections. A villain indeed!—and in this Victorian period a more than up-to-date one: the old herb-doctor translated into the dawn of modern science.

The heroine of the book, Lavinia Pierrepoint, also has her individualities and anachronisms. Instead of the insipid and polished being she has been trained to become, she is, beneath her polite and accomplished English exterior, cool, calculating, ambitious, and controlled; and when passion has once reached her she is stopped by no scruples—by nothing, indeed, except ultimately (too late) by fear alone, and the desire for a security which has passed beyond her reach.

After a childhood oppressed by the memory of her parents' broken marriage, she is led at nineteen to accept a sudden insipid offer of a conventional marriage as the only way out. When it is postponed, she secures, with few regrets, a position as companion in distant Provence, with a mother and daughter living in unwholesome and somewhat mysterious surroundings—a huge, solitary chateau, wealth which has not mitigated unhappiness, servants who seem more like spies, and a strange studious chamber filled—again the motive—with herbs, scientific books, and evidences of experiments with unpleasant animals and lush tropical plants. When the occupant of the sinister study, Monsieur de Saint Paulle, arrives on one of his periodic visits, the safe but empty English marriage fades into a meaningless memory, her control and caution are abandoned as she feels increasingly that the early memories of her mother's disaster of drink, discord, and poison have scarred her beyond hope of resistance to present evil influences. Two unappealing figures, indeed; but the story, told in a smooth, unemotional style well adapted to its plot and to its sinister and sometimes tragic contents, is likely to be read to the end by anyone who enters upon it.

The book has power in setting, in character drawing, and in tragic impact. It is so well written that one wonders at several flat lapses of grammar that have been allowed to stand. It is, however, in other ways well sustained and its peculiar atmosphere is successfully created.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

High Spots

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, poet and biographer of *Emily Dickinson*, and *Dudley Fitts*, poet and critic, are editing a volume of new American poetry to be published in the summer by Arrow Editions. They will consider the verse (not more than 500 lines) of any American poet who has never had any poetry published in book form, in anthology, or in pamphlet form. Manuscripts should be submitted in two typewritten copies by March 7th, to Arrow Editions, 444 Madison Avenue, this city. Receipt of manuscripts will be acknowledged but no guarantee to return them is given. . . . The winter issue of the *Windsor Quarterly* contains an article on the Western poet, *Howard McKinley Corning*, in which a snooty article-writer, *Charles Hilton*, says I once praised one of Mr. Corning's worst poems. If I praised a poem of Mr. Corning's it must have been very good indeed. And there are not many of his poems that are as good as that. But he is doing well, if the pseudo-intelligentsia will let him alone. . . . *Scott Fitzgerald's* new novel, beginning in *Scribner's*, has been quite a disappointment to me. It seems to deal with entirely trivial people. The man can *write* as always, sometimes brilliantly, but the love affair developing between a young girl and a middle-aged married man seems to me singularly sentimental and at the same time cold, and does not realize any of the possibilities of humor and pathos that it might. This dictum is on the evidence of two instalments only of "Tender is the Night." . . . *Earle Walbridge's* text today is

In Defense of John Ruskin

Stephen Leacock (may his tribe increase!) on page 172 of his "Charles Dickens" quotes *Ruskin* as saying "The usefulness of the work, 'Hard Times,' is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderly is a dramatic monster." Well, my very real pleasure in "Charles Dickens" was seriously diminished by its insensitive proofreading. And I rather think Ruskin wrote Bounderby, as he should have. On page 170 Professor Leacock observes "The names of Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderly are still quoted, but only because they are felicitous names for hard, limited men." On page 171 occurs "His Gradgrinds and his Bounderlys."

On page 159: "Here is Mrs. Jellaby (*sic*) with her immortal natives of Borioboolagha (*sic*)," and Jellaby she is in the index. Mr. Willet, with his nostalgia for the Salmanners, has his t doubled every time. Crummles becomes Crummels. Harold Skimpole is transmogrified into Horace (p. 164 and index). And the recent *S R L* calls Madame Perugini "Mrs. Perugin" (p. 420)!

Ground-Hog Day

Last year I printed a charade at this same time of year, by *Arthur W. Bell* of Boston—for my birthday falls on February 2nd. This year he sends me the following rhyme, illustrated by a water-color which, unfortunately, I cannot reproduce here.

Barometric Varmint

Betimes, on February second,
Which date subconsciously is reckoned,
Obedient to some inner urge,
The drowsy groundhog doth resurge.
His cautious little upthrust snout
Presents the primal vernal sprout;
He sniffs the air and scans the skies,
A furry prophet weatherwise.
Aspect and inference contrast,
He longs for heavens overcast,
But should he chance to glimpse the sun,
It starts him straightway on the run;
A sign he is too early out,
Beyond the shadow of a doubt.
Earthbound he vanishes from view,
Head foremost and with backside to;
Unerring instinct hath divined
That spring, for him, is far behind.

From *Kenneth Slade Alling* comes

Instructions for an Exterminator

To dust the sharded roaches
With powder from a can,
And poison the approaches
To all the haunts of man.

With terrier or phosphorus
To kill the rat called brown,
That swam in swarms the Bosphorus
To fall on Hamelin town.

With nasty necromancy
To bruise and break the bugs,
The little ones whose fancy
Is for expensive rugs.

So please, exterminator,
Read carefully these lines,
And be the Borgian waiter
When next the vermin dines.

That last verse isn't so good, but I thank Mr. Alling for the poem, the third verse of which somehow calls to mind two great Americans, the *Carryls*, father and son.

The Carryls

I have often pondered the fact that England had only one Lewis Carroll, while we had two grand nonsense men who spelt their name with a "y," (Samivel.) First, *Charles E.*—author of that immortal story, "The Admiral's Caravan," and that immortal ballad in it, "The Plaint of the Camel"; then *Guy Wetmore*, author of the inimitable "Grimm Tales Made Gay" etc. What rhymesters, what nonsense-mongers of purest ray! *Guy Wetmore Carryl's* rhymes are so much cleverer than those of any musical-comedy lyric-writer I know—and much cleverer than the much-touted *Noel Coward's*, by the way—that only ignorami (there's a nice coinage!) would contend otherwise. Father and son, they carried on the wittiest work in the world. Nothing the elder Carryl ever wrote was poor; and it was only when Guy Wetmore attempted serious poetry that he rather fell on his face. In the realm of light verse and of the light short story he was a beautiful craftsman.

No grander tale for intelligent children was ever written than "The Admiral's Caravan." When it began to appear in *St. Nicholas*, with the marvelous *Birch* illustrations, I know two children at least, in the old days, who were ecstatically happy. And while we're on the subject, by the way, here's a health to

Reginald Birch

that perfectly delightful artist whose drawings one occasionally sees still upon the theatrical pages. How many fine books he illustrated perfectly! He created *Mrs. Burnett's* "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he shone for years as a magazine illustrator. For all of *Shepard* and others, there will never be to my mind as delightfully-depicted English children as those of Reginald Birch. And what a delightful looking person! There never was anyone who looked exactly like *Reginald Birch*, just as there was never anyone who looked much of anything like *Oliver Herford*. That the United States has assimilated both these charming Englishmen is certainly a double feather in its cap.

I shall never forget the thrill I received in my youth when *Frank Crowninshield* got *Reginald Birch* to illustrate a poem of mine, and then gave me the original, framed, for a wedding-present. In the ranks of American illustrators I am sure that the name of Birch is destined to a long life. He did all of his work over here. He belongs to us. His hand has never lost its cunning. He has one of the most distinctive of styles. You could tell a Birch anywhere. So, here is looking to-ward you, Mr. Birch—and we drinks your health with honors, for, as *Alfred Noyes* has put it, you "done us *very* proud!"

A Keyboard Lyric

In regard to typing, *E. D. P.* of Claremont Avenue sends me the following letter about its joys and sorrows:

> The references to The QWERTYUIOP Club that have appeared in the *Review* from time to time have interested me not a little, because they recall vividly to my mind my own early struggles to memorize the order of letters on my typewriter. Without making any claim to priority of invention, for the same thing may well have occurred to many other people, I am moved to send you a versus memorialis which has proved a great help in time of trouble, as follows:
>
> QWERTYUIOP's a funny word—
> The craziest I ever heard.
> One might concede that ASDFGHJKL
> A Polish Patriot's ear would tickle;
> But as for freaks like ZXCVBNM,
> I for one am dead agin 'em.
>
> If you (not unreasonably) should ask what the Polish Patriot has to do with it, I would reply that about the time of my struggles I was trying to learn a little Polish—quite without success.

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* Reviewed in The Saturday Review of January 27th, on page 437.

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A Dublin Letter

BY PADRAIC COLUM

IT is about time that some American publisher brought out a collection of F. R. Higgins's poems (a collection of the poems of his older contemporaries Joseph Campbell and Seumas O'Sullivan is overdue). What I think is his third volume, "Arable Fields," has just been brought out by the Cuala Press: to evaluate this volume of about twenty-four poems one has to go back a little way in Irish literary history.

The collection of Gaelic folk-songs, "The Love Songs of Connacht," left a mark on a section of contemporary Irish poetry—indications of theme, of setting, of racial personality. No Irish poet has been more influenced by these Gaelic songs than F. R. Higgins: indeed his absorption in this poetry which is at once traditional and personal seems to have put out of his mind every other lyrical tradition—every other one except the country ballad made in English but taking some flavor of speech and rhythm from the Gaelic. With this poet the influence of the Connacht songs has been in the direction of the discovery of personality—the personality of the woman of the west with her strong wild feeling and her speech which is simple enough to deal with physical desire unequivocally and innocently. There are several pieces in this collection which could go into the Gaelic of the Connacht songs phrase for phrase, and there are other pieces which show how naturally F. R. Higgins can make use of the tradition of the country ballads. It seems to me, however, that the tradition which Dr. Hyde revealed in his Connacht collection reaches its end here: in a few of these poems the idiom and rhythm tends to be stylistic rather than spontaneous: I did not find this tendency in this poet's previous volumes, "The Dark Breed" and "Island Blood." But how close to the Connacht songs is the opening of one of the poems:

Stretched out by the bed-stock of another!
My curse that I'm not my own;
For, yes, I am shaped to the veins of beauty—
Here soft, there round in the bone—
Well may the eye, the hand admire me
And the far mouth that said:
"Ah, grief, that I can only bed you
In the wild thought of my head."

The poems I like best are the few in which F. R. Higgins writes about countryside types, and a figure such as that of the old jockey is brought before us.

His last days linger in that low attic
That barely lets out the night,
With its gabled window on Knackers' Alley,
Just hoodwinking the light.

I like very much the personal poems—the "Grace before Beer," or the poet's address to his blackthorn-stick which grew in sap on Mount Nefin and now shares his journeys.

I took that strength; my axe-blow was your trumpet,
You rose from earth, god-cleaned and strong;
And here, as in green days you were the perch,
You're now the prop of song,

or the poem in which he remembers his father in the pastures by the river Boyne.

For that proud, wayward man now my heart breaks—
Breaks for that man whose mind was a secret eyrie,
Whose kind hand was the sole signet of his race,
Who curbed me, scorned my green ways, yet increasingly loved me,
Till death drew its grey blind down his face.

The book published previously to "Arable Fields" by the Cuala Press was an Italian philosopher's interpretation of Ireland, "Pilgrimage in the West," by Mario M. Rossi. Dr. Rossi's interest in Ireland came first of all through his interest in Berkeley's philosophy: he and Mr. Joseph Hone published an important critical biography of the philosophic bishop. Then the work of Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory excited him; his approach to the country has been through the Anglo-Irish writers. To this Mediterranean man the North Atlantic ocean as it shoulders the Galway coast brought something of dismay.

> I feel the waters rustle in a murmur which has in it nothing of the panting of the sea, nothing of the low-laughing of soft waters. It is a water that scarcely lives, a water that marks the end of the life that I know.

Like many another man caught between dismay and intense interest Dr. Rossi becomes clairvoyant, and many of the things he says about Ireland in this short book (it can be read in less than an hour) come out of this clairvoyancy.

Ireland to Professor Rossi is a great desert and the poverty of its people is due to the poverty of the land itself. Its dominant population has remarkable stability and persistence—the bulk of the Irish people are Celticizing Celts. But it shows "primitivism" in political idea (he is careful to state that his use of this term implies nothing of rebuke). Holding to its own form of civilization it has been given a national consciousness through the intervention of a stock that has hardly mixed with it—the Anglo-Irish. Its own conception of national unity is weak; it thinks in terms of the clan; its leaders are clan leaders; its Pope is not the head of a world-wide hierarchy but of a clan which opposes another clan, the one of which the King of England is the head.

There is insight in Dr. Rossi's analysis of Irish Catholicism. He shows very finely in a passage about Glendalough that the Irish religion comes out of the land itself, the hillsides and the lakes. I would note, however, that as an organization Irish Catholicism was destroyed by the Cromwellian and Williamite wars and by the Penal Laws. It was restored by men who had studied and worked on the Continent and who were dominated by the teachers of the Catholic reaction. Irish Catholicism as an active, an articulate force, is the Catholicism of the counter-reformation (the German Catholicism and the early French Catholicism of America are dominated now by this Irish type); hence its lack of mellowness as compared with French or German Catholicism; hence its Protestant prohibitions. "If it were not that they wouldn't be sound as regards the position of the Pope in the Church, Calvin and Knox would be at home with the Irish bishops and with most of the Irish priests," an Irish historian said to me, and no one who knows present-day ecclesiastical Ireland would reverse this judgment.

Although Dr. Rossi's clairvoyance has to be interpreted, the clairvoyance is there and it makes "Pilgrimage to the West," for all its brevity, a deep book. "I dare to affirm," the Italian philosopher writes,

> that the Irish question is at bottom the psychological question of the Irish nature and has its ultimate roots in the very soul of Ireland. In other words it is not a "question" but an interior conflict, which even if it expresses itself in struggles against the stranger, in conflicts with the soul of other nations, does not proceed from the relations of Ireland with others, but from the innermost kernel of the Irish soul itself.

If this be so, the best thing the revolution did for the country was that it removed an obstacle to the understanding of and an approach to a solution of this conflict. "The peculiar need of the Irish soul," writes Dr. Rossi in an epistle addressed to Lady Gregory, "is that of interpreting itself across the two forms, expressing that single spirit from which comes both irony and enthusiasm." This gives the essence of this brief survey.

Eva Gore-Booth wrote one of the most popular of Irish poems, "The Little Roads of Breffni," but I always doubted if she were at her best when dealing with the Irish locality or with Irish themes. Her "Selected Poems,"* confirms this old impression of mine: I now see that this poet was really a singer of philosophic themes and belonged to no particular land. She sprinkled her poems with names out of Irish legends, but she gets more real effects, it seems to me, when nothing of this tradition is in her mind. Her sonnet, "Sunset Near the Rosses," doesn't recall that particular Irish scene, but it is all the better for that obliviousness.

Poseidon tending his white flock of sheep
Has drawn them downward to the twilight fold,
And lulled each restless breaking wave to sleep;
Over fallen waves a little rain doth weep;
Surely the secret Lazarus never told
Lies buried somewhere in the silent deep.

Some poets (Rimbaud is an example) write better than they deserve, and some poets do not write as well as they deserve to write. Eva Gore-Booth was amongst these last. One of the fine spirits of our time, with a passion for justice, a love for humanity, a devotion to every aspect of beauty, she was diffuse when she came to write; she took up easy rhythms and she probably never changed a word in any line she wrote. She always put such words as Beauty, Glory, Vision, Divine in capitals and made no attempt to distinguish sharply what she felt was behind them. And yet, in spite of her diffuseness, her incoherencies, something that is of spiritual value comes through these loosely-knit poems. What she says in such a poem as "Unity" has been said countless times, but she can say it as one who has a right to say it.

The primrose has her gentle root
A hundred miles beyond the sod,
Deep buried in the Absolute,
Safe in the inmost will of God.

The One Thing that is everything
Is very close to grass and trees;
Hers is the song the satyrs sing,
The wild fern clings about her knees.

And Psyche's lamp, and Buddha's dream,
These words that shall not fade or pass,
Are but the lilt of a lost stream
That flows under the world's grass.

* *SELECTED POEMS OF EVA GORE-BOOTH. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.* 1933. $1.40.

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BIOGRAPHIES GALORE

"A CHECKER'D wreck of notable and wise" is all that remains to us of the list we drew up preparatory to answering the request of *E. C. of New York City* for outstanding biographies of the past and present which will permit her to form a connected idea of "this genre" of literature. We found ourself running about like a chicken with its head chopped off, this way and that, scuttling back and forth, as we jotted down titles, and found that no sooner had we thought of a work like Carlyle's FREDERICK THE GREAT than instead of another biography of similar sort coming to mind Thoreau's WALDEN swam to the surface of memory, and no sooner had we thought of WALDEN than Lockhart's LIFE OF SCOTT rose to confront us. So now what we're presenting is a selection of books which pretends to nothing at all but offering interesting reading matter, which can be riddled on the score of omissions by anyone who cares to take a pot shot at it, which isn't chronological in arrangement and is grouped in the loosest sort of classifications, and with which we'd love to be wrecked on a desert island for several months. What fun to sit under the cocoanut tree, remote from telephones and deadlines and typewriters, and lose oneself in the fifteenth century with the Pastons or attend the court of Queen Charlotte in the eighteenth with Madame d'Arblay. Vain dreams, vain dreams!

Well, even if we shall not continue in any calculable fashion, we might as well begin by picking up the thread of biography in classical times. There are two books which have come down from the ancients which E. C. ought to read, and which will serve as the type of biographical writing which is the handmaid of history. These are Plutarch's LIVES OF THE GREEKS AND THE ROMANS (now to be had in one volume in the Modern Library Giants series), a source which has been tapped innumerable times for later biographical literature, and Seutonius's LIVES OF THE TWELVE CÆSARS (Modern Library), a narrative which, as its name announces, begins with Augustus and ends with Caligula. From them E. C. might advance to some of the great religious chronicles such as THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE (Liveright: Black and Gold Library) and the LITTLE FLOWERS of Saint Francis of Assisi (World's Classics), this last a tender and poetic record of miracles and legends centering about the saint. Merely because they are religious in theme, and not because they have any relation in kind or time to the foregoing, Renan's THE LIFE OF JESUS (Everyman's Library), in reality a history of Christianity as well as a biography of Christ, and Papini's LIFE OF CHRIST (Harcourt, Brace)—a work which, like the former, was an enormously successful book—seem to demand notice here. We hadn't as a matter of fact meant to go outside the field of Anglo-Saxon literature for our titles, but somehow these two volumes seemed to clamor for mention. They have both been so widely read in English-speaking lands that for the moment we forgot that it was in translation that they had attained their popularity. One other example of the biography in which attention centers about religion which would be eminently worth C. E.'s time, is Cardinal Newman's APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA (Macmillan), which the Victorians read and debated with such vivid interest.

Variety's the spice of reading as of everything else, so E. C. might turn from the foregoing books to a brace of volumes which have been the progenitors of a long line of autobiographies of picturesque sort. These are THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI (it's to be had in almost all the good cheap reprint editions) and Casanova's MEMOIRS (Modern Library), which, of course, E. C. knows are the cynical and amusing reminiscences of a quite unmoral adventurer of the eighteenth century. Just as a matter of record, for of course she doesn't need to be reminded of them, we put down such famous works as Boswell's LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, Pepys' DIARY, and the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. All of these are to be had in several of the reprint editions. Again we're going outside the field of English literature, for we can't write of biography and not mention such works as Rousseau's CONFESSIONS (Everyman's Library) and Goethe's DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT (Holt). And we almost forgot to mention the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STUART MILL (Columbia University Press). Also we can't omit our beloved Jane Austen, whose LETTERS R. W. Chapman has edited and the Oxford Press recently published.

There's a batch of literary biographies which, of course, E. C. ought to read,—Coleridge's BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA (Macmildan), De Quincey's CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER (Everyman's Library), Maurois's ARIEL (Appleton), George Moore's MEMOIRS OF MY DEAD LIFE (Appleton). . . . But there's no use trying to enumerate them; we'd still be filling our columns with this list week after next, if we did more than start this category and stop it at once. Like little Jack Horner, whenever we stick our thumb into the biographical pie we draw out a plum. For instance, there are all those fascinating political and military biographies we can't take time to mention; works like Macaulay's essays on Warren Hastings, Clive, or Pitt; Morley's GLADSTONE, the memoirs of Sherman, Grant, Sheridan, the autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt,—a thousand and one volumes. The libraries of the last generation used to contain very generally two sets of books which constituted excellent biographical series. These were THE ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS SERIES (Harpers) and THE AMERICAN STATESMEN SERIES (Houghton Mifflin). They still contain among their titles some studies which have never been superseded in excellence, and though they are now extinct as series they are still in print. Macmillan, Appleton, and Dodd, Mead have all recently instituted libraries somewhat similar in character, and it might be well for E. C. to get her catalogues of these publishers.

And now, before we leave her topic (we'll have to take up E. C.'s second request for travel books at a later time), we'll enumerate rapidly a few recent biographies which we think she will enjoy. There's a group which portrays the reaction of the immigrant to his adopted America in FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR (Scribners), by Michael Pupin; THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN (Macmillan), by Jacob Riis; THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK (Scribners), and Louis Adamic's LAUGHING IN THE JUNGLE (Harpers). Mr. Adamic, incidentally, is just issuing his account of a visit to his homeland, and his book, THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Harpers), is one of the most delightful of the present publishing season. We are determined however, not to classify or comment upon the rest of our list, so we'll stop doing both abruptly and merely present E. C. the following titles in a grand, disorganized mélange: Hamlin Garland's A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER (Macmillan), Ludwig Lewisohn's UPSTREAM (Harpers), THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS (Harcourt, Brace), Lytton Strachey's QUEEN VICTORIA and ELIZABETH AND ESSEX (Harcourt, Brace), Francis Hackett's HENRY VIII (Garden City Publishing Co.), Van Wyck Brooks's THE ORDEAL OF MARK TWAIN (Dutton), Carl Sandburg's ABRAHAM LINCOLN (Harcourt, Brace), and Gamaliel Bradford's DAMAGED SOULS (Houghton Mifflin). The foregoing volumes are merely a few of recent date which we have selected almost at random as illustrative of contemporary biographical writing.

JACKSON AND JEFFERSON

The next request on our pad is from *L. C. G. of Shreveport, La.*, who wants information on biographies of Andrew Jackson and Thomas Jefferson. The life of the former, by Marquis James (Bobbs-Merrill), to which L. C. G. refers in his letter is an excellent one, but it carries its chronicle only up to the point in Jackson's career where he was about to embark upon the presidency. There is to be another volume to complete the record. We found the book of the highest interest when we read it some time ago, and critics who can vouch for its historical accuracy with a knowledge which we lack have been warm in its praise. The two volume life of Jackson by John Spencer Bassett (Macmillan) and the CORRESPONDENCE OF ANDREW JACKSON (Carnegie Institute), which Mr. Bassett edited, are among the most important works in the field. L. C. G. will find interesting and illuminating, too, JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY (Macmillan), by William MacDonald. There have been several biographies of Jefferson published lately. Among them one by Claude Bowers, now Ambassador to Spain, JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON (Houghton Mifflin) is, as its name implies, a political study rather than a straight biographical one. THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY is authority for the statement that the most important recent life is that by Gilbert Chinard, THOMAS JEFFERSON, APOSTLE OF AMERICANISM (Little Brown: $5). Of older biographies H. S. Randall's THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON is still highly useful. It seems to be out of print, but can doubtless be found in any sizable library.

BUSINESS-LETTER WRITING

We are relaying a request from Carl Naether, associate professor of English at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles. He is preparing a history of business-letter writing, and would like to get in touch with persons having access to letter files or books on the subject dating prior to 1870.

INLAND WATERWAYS

Our next inquiry can be dispatched in short order, for we think that *E. W. L. of San Carlos, Calif.*, will find the material he desires in reference to inland waterways in SHIPWAYS TO THE SEA—OUR INLAND AND COASTAL WATERWAYS (Williams & Wilkins), by Ernest S. Clowes, a volume which contains a varied and useful mass of facts in regard to inland waterways, natural or made. It presents sketches of historical development, maps, and a bibliography conveniently arranged under the headings of Historical and General; Great Lakes and Connections; Mississippi System; Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, and Pacific Coast. E. W. L. might also be interested in a substantial volume which has appeared within the last few weeks, entitled THE GREAT LAKES—ST. LAWRENCE DEEP WATERWAY TO THE SEA (Putnam), by Tom Ireland. This enters into discussion of ownership, route, etc.

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Shameless Eve

YOUTH AND SEX. By Meyrick Booth. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M. D.

DR. BOOTH has set out to write a treatise about "Youth," and up to page 146 he has stuck to his task admirably. He sets before us in uncontroversial form the specific dangers he sees which spring from the present social environment of the young, both within and without the home. Admirably he pictures the sense of insecurity arising from the uncertainty of older standards, with the inevitable lack of "clear moral orientation"; our ignoring of youth's need for form and order. Very sensibly he shows the weakness of the so-called "new morality." "A person must be very innocent indeed, and very inexperienced in realities, to be capable of assuming that the mere liberation of the sex impulse will make us all happy." Again, "What we perceive is not anything 'bad' in youth, but the break-down of our culture, which has left a vacuum where there should have been inspiring life ideals." An excellent point that, too, his suggestion that in the effort to be playmates with their children, too many parents have abdicated their privileges and responsibilities, thereby "ceasing to give their children anything more than they can get just as well from other children."

More space is given to the differentiating of the various schools of modern psychology than seems warranted. Freud, Jung, Adler, Watson, all have made their contributions to the child's psyche. But since not one of the theories they have offered has yet proven to be completely substantiated, it would seem unprofitable to discuss their differences in a book of this nature where the exposition must be necessarily so superficial. Today, the Unconscious itself, so beloved of all lay-psychologists, is regarded by no less of an authority than Knight Dunlap of Johns Hopkins, not merely with suspicion, but with positive derision.

Towards sex education, Dr. Booth's attitude is sane and thoughtful. The treatments for the minor disorders of youth emerge with the diagnoses. The causes underlying youth's maladjustments are varied. Dr. Booth not only tilts, he wrestles with them. They include Behaviorism, Bolshevism, Bertrand Russell, Head-mistresses. But after all, these are but accessories to the crime. The real menace is that perennial danger, The Modern Woman. Modern Woman, who refuses to accept what the clever German psychologists and philosophers have always been more than willing to tell her about her "special values"—she it is who once again is doing all the damage and plunging the world into a retrogressive social order, and into—face it, reader,—a matriarchy! "What is actually occurring in the modern Western world, is a steady drift in the direction of a modern matriarchy." "It is clear that women are gradually acquiring a favored and even dominant position." This is his theme song and we find it recurring again and again. For feminism it is, which has destroyed the Family. Eve, shameless Eve, has once again spoiled everything and made it impossible for Youth to handle its sex problems.

It must be because Dr. Booth has been so emotionally wrought up by the moral menace threatening society that he has not given himself time to coördinate his vast amount of material, and that he often neglects to exercise the "abstract and rational qualities" in which he claims the masculine mentality is rooted. One is tempted to quote a few of the sequences, illogical to the feminine mentality, with which the latter part of the book is enlivened. But after all, there is undeniable sincerity and even humility here which disarm unkind criticism. "The attitude of any given writer towards the problems touched upon in this little work must remain largely subjective . . . necessarily influenced largely by personal prejudices and limitations." When a man admits this, you can't rub it in.

One hesitates to say to what people this book will especially appeal. Certainly not to the young. For them it is definitely not intended. Bishops, one thinks of first, and some of the lesser clergy, men teachers probably, and surely those zealous ladies who contributed so much humor and drama to the anti-suffrage campaigns. All of these groups should find in it gratifyingly confirmatory material. For this reviewer it represents another honest and even impassioned effort to reconcile the tangled mess life presents these days, to an emotional pattern which fortunately, or unfortunately, the world has outgrown.

NEXT WEEK
IN
THE SATURDAY REVIEW

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S WORKSHOP
A STUDY BY
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

and

THE UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER
By
SINCLAIR LEWIS

This unusual literary feature is a chapter about *Ora Weagle* which Mr. Lewis wrote for his new novel WORK OF ART but which he decided not to include in the book.

You will undoubtedly clip this from the pages of THE SATURDAY REVIEW and add it to your collection of association items. We are congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune in being able to give you this exclusive glimpse behind the scenes.

NEXT WEEK
IN
THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Proposed Roads to Economic Freedom

OUR ECONOMIC REVOLUTION. By Arthur B. Adams. The University of Oklahoma Press. 1933. $1.50.

FOUNDATIONS FOR THE WORLD'S NEW AGE OF PLENTY. By Fred Henderson. The John Day Company. 1933. $1.

Reviewed by MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

IN examining our present economic confusions Mr. Adams finds no fault with the framework of the established order. Indeed, he does not even bother to look at this aspect of the problem. He does argue, on the other hand, that within that framework certain adjustments must be made. His principal contention is that the industrial machine has broken down because of a maldistribution of purchasing power. Too much money-income has gone to investors and not enough to buyers of consumers' goods. This is hardly a fresh thesis. Mr. Adams, however, unlike John Maynard Keynes, Irving Fisher, and Senator Thomas, does not believe that the maldistribution can be corrected by currency manipulation alone. To him expansion of consumers' purchasing power through public control of business competition and of wage scales seems the more adequate and sensible solution.

Following the reasoning of Stuart Chase and the technocrats, the author asserts that our rapid technological progress in the period just before the 1929-33 debacle created a permanent surplus of labor. This acted as a check on wages. At the same time technological progress brought about a relative decrease in production costs. This should have brought about a reduction in prices, in which event the failure of wages to rise in proportion to the value of the industrial output would not have mattered so much. However, instead of going down with production costs, prices were held up through "over-expansion of building and capital equipment; artificial purchasing power in use in purchasing goods [the instalment-buying system]; and the withholding of goods from the market through monopolistic restraint of trade." Thus, "the great masses of consumers did not receive increases in their incomes equal to the increase in the value of the finished consumers' goods offered for sale." The difference went to the investing class, and this class reinvested most of its income. And so we had "reached the stage in our national economic development where there was a surplus of productive power and a shortage of consumptive power."

Using the author's own argument, it would appear that we might make some progress toward a solution of the economic problem by attempting to regulate the flow of capital investment, controlling or abolishing the instalment-buying system, and destroying monopolistic restraint of trade. Mr. Adams would have us believe, however, that while something should be done with regard to bank credit, the major solution of our economic difficulties is to be found in the industrial control program of the N.R.A. For in his judgment it is only by public control that harmful competition can be eliminated and wage-income be forced up sufficiently to correct the present maldistribution of purchasing power.

While Mr. Adams takes it for granted that the bases of the economic system need not be examined, Mr. Henderson (the title of whose work is, unfortunately, somewhat misleading) holds that the principal fault may be found just there. He asserts that "the only economic reality is the provision of actual goods and services for the satisfaction of human needs." No genuine reform can be achieved, he declares, by regulation of capital investment or manipulation of bank credit and currency, since these have no economic reality but are mere accountancy devices for registering the facts of the ownership and distribution of goods.

Under modern conditions of power production the whole process of production has "become de-individualized, a process essentially communal, in which no private ownership claim to the output at any stage, intermediate or final, can arise by title of distinguishable individual productivity." Yet, under the property system as we know it, the community, as consumer, has no direct claim upon this output. It is permitted to apply its working energy "to the natural resources, at any stage in their passage on to final products, only as service to the owner, and on condition that the resultant product at every stage passes automatically into the same [that is, private] ownership." Stated otherwise, in order to be allotted a portion of existing goods for its current use and consumption, the community must devote itself to producing new goods for private ownership. In this way ownership retains "the custody and control . . . of the world's current working equipment and current sustenance."

Permits for the use and consumption of existing supplies, which are more familiarly known as money, are not issued direct to the community, but to ownership "on the security of the property rights which have been established over the producing system"; and ownership in its turn distributes them to the working community, but only as remuneration for the required services. The community, "with no property claim on its own products, can give no such security." It must work for ownership if it would eat. Moreover, to issue money direct to consumers as claims upon existing goods without such obligation would clearly undermine the private property system. And since this apportionment of the community's goods occurs in effect before the goods reach the market, it would be futile, Mr. Henderson contends, to attempt to correct any inequities in distribution by reforming or controlling the market. The market is simply "a process for ensuring that nothing shall escape from the property system into use and consumption without thus yielding up in prices the satisfaction of [the] claims of ownership." Summed up, he sees no hope of bringing about a better distribution by means of currency schemes, industrial-control programs, and the like, but only through abolition of private property; "the property system itself being the maldistribution."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE HOSPITAL MURDER *Means Davis* (Smith & Haas: $2.)	Hospital killer erases three patients and one nurse before odd troop of travelling 'tecs gets busy.	Violates rules at end, but who cares when excitement, love and mystery wax hotter and hotter.	Very good
THE MYSTERIOUS MADAME S . . . *Simone d'Erigny* (Lippincott: $2.)	Parisian doctor is stabbed: colleague with fatal will power suspects himself: but Detective Barry senses feminine touch.	It won the 1933 *Prix Roman d'Adventures.* Your judge hopes nobody publishes the runners-up.	Elementary
WILFUL AND PREMEDITATED *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Twenty-two chapters with the criminal and his ingenious murders, two with Inspector French explaining—and all good.	"Slow motion" tale gathers impetus until reader feels sorry for harassed killer as net grips him.	Worth while
MURDER FOR BREAKFAST *Peter Hunt* (Vanguard: $2.)	Sinister phone call takes Conn. police chief to eerie private hospital full of peculiar people and lurking death.	Melodramatic hokum somewhat irking and conclusion weak but incessant action redeeming.	Middlin'
MURDER OF MISSING MAN *Arthur M. Chase* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Fleeing fratricide meets death in sleeping-car, involving occupants of other berths, sharp old lady, two sleuths.	Murders on steamship and murders in train are coming so often they give us a pain.	*Vin ordinaire*

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

WAYS AND CROSS-WAYS. By Paul Claudel. Translated by the Rev. Fr. John O'Connor with the collaboration of the Author. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1933. $2.

One cannot read far in this collection of miscellaneous papers on religion, poetry, art, justice, evil, and other subjects, without realizing that its appeal is limited; limited to those who profess the Roman Catholic faith, and to those others who, faithless themselves, are objectively interested in the psychological and theological processes of the faithful, whatever the faith may be. The present reviewer claims membership in the second group, but even so he found his interest occasionally flagging as he followed M. Claudel through the speeches, letters, essays, and diverse arguments, wherein the eminent diplomatist appears as a Catholic apologist viewing his material in the light of Catholic dogma. To attract fit readers to this book, and at the same time to warn off the unfit, it may be sufficient to note that one important section is entitled "The Physics of the Eucharist," and to quote the following passage:—

> You see all about you sceptics and agnostics, who, like half-wits, are powerless to answer the simplest moral or intellectual questions. A Catholic knows what is black and what is white; to every question he can answer yes, or no, a full clear yes, and a resounding no. All these things are priceless to a poet and to an artist, because scepticism, doubt, hesitation, are just the deadly cancer of true art.

M. Claudel is sure of his blacks and whites. Those who are not sure may possibly envy him, but certainly they cannot keep step with him. B. R. R.

Fiction

TWICE SHY. By D. M. Low. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $2.50.

The "South Wind" school of fiction has attracted so many practitioners as to suggest a comparison of their various methods. Essentially, a novel of this category should be a satire, at least in its overtones; it should concern the doings of Anglo-Saxons, preferably Britishers, in a Mediterranean colony, preferably Italian; it should contain a mixture of "modern" and conservative characters, whose effects on one another motivate the narrative. Individual novels within the field run between the objective impersonality of Huxley's "Those Barren Leaves," where no character is sympathetic, and the sustenance is irony; and, at the other extreme, the gay, good-natured presentation of Elizabeth's "The Enchanted April," where personality carries the book.

"Twice Shy," which has its good points otherwise, cannot decide whether it wants to be personal or impersonal. The first-person narrator, Philip Streffon, is not merely an observer, but a participant; he cannot then be very funny or superior about the other characters. But the other characters are a dull, second-hand, second-rate lot of English expatriates—with the exception of Blagdonbury, who talks well, but who is otherwise the middle-aged independent lay-philosopher familiar to readers of Douglas and Huxley. If these people are not material for satire, what are they material for? "Twice Shy" does not provide the answer. The story itself, concerning the efforts of the narrator, who has had one disastrous marriage, to avoid another, is not intensely dramatic, as none of the ladies tries terribly hard to get him. The book contains some good short stories, such as the death of one lonely member of the colony; it has several isolated flashes of insight; it is indeed entirely readable; but it never develops an important relationship with the reader. G. S.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE. By J. D. Beresford. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

Written around a family representative of the thoughtful and intelligent elements in a changed society, this book might be called a post-post-war novel. The author has picked with care his two parents and their four children; he has chosen to write a story that is a study almost more than a novel, and is distinctly a quiet work, for the reflective reader. As such it will be enjoyed, but not for any excitement of plot or situation.

The difficulties and checkered experiences of the four children in setting their courses in life cover widely different themes,—modern mysticism, labor movements, divorce, and so on. The oldest boy, who is obviously of major interest in the author's mind, wishes to study for the church but, in spite of himself, is the involuntary toy of an artistically temperamental girl; one daughter is happy and adjusted in her love affair but, since her lover cannot obtain his justifiable divorce, they must live abroad without the usual sanctions; the two younger ones also have distinctly modern situations to meet and deal with. The father and mother consult each other at length (at too great length, any impatient reader will sometimes think), and advise where advice is asked or is critically needed; but they never oppose or threaten to become antagonistic,—not even with each other when they disagree as to the courses their children are pursuing. It is, from all angles, a study of coöperation and of constructive thinking in dealing with modern conditions and family problems.

There is an amusing passage near the beginning which shows a different vein in which the author is able to write when he wishes. In it he allows a subtle play of humor to illuminate a delightful picture of a mother trying to bring herself into rapport with a sixteen-year-old son. This is a gem in the literature of the adolescent.

The book is one of a trilogy, but is in itself complete. It is perhaps, even granting its subject and its tone, open to the criticism that in the author's genuine interest in his topics he has occasionally come near to allowing his characters to reflect that interest, rather than to live and breathe in their own right. M. C. D.

Science

ALL ABOUT FISH AND OTHER DENIZENS OF THE SEAS AND RIVERS. By W. S. Berridge. McBride. 1933. $2.50.

The rising popular interest in aquatic biology makes a distinct field for a book of this sort. One may open it at random anywhere and read something novel and interesting to the uninitiate, concerning some fish, whale, crab, jellyfish, or other creature. The illustrations are varied and well chosen, some of them very fine and the general standard high, though some are wretched. To pick the book up and read a bit here and there would be equivalent to a chat about fishes with some exceptionally well informed or well read (though not infallible) person. There is an index with the aid of which one may find what one wants in the subject matter which has no intelligible arrangement.

The title, "All About Fish," is misleading. One could memorize the book from cover to cover and yet have a pretty superficial knowledge of the subject. It is obviously a compilation from many sources, some good, some bad, and the author does not seem to know the difference. Here and there his data are confused or misleading due to confusion of popular names. Yet the book has personality. It is pleasant to have around. J. T. N.

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT. Studies in the Genesis of Psychological Characteristics. By Gladys Schwesinger. Edited by Frederick Osborn. Macmillan. 1933. $4.

This book, sponsored by the Eugenics Research Association, marks the passing of knowledge in these subjects into a new phase. Human biology has been a field in which one man's opinion was as good as another's. Crudeness in presuppositions and points of view, with lack of knowledge in essentials, characterized discussions on these matters; and notably so where eugenics was in question. But at last, as this book shows, there is collecting in such fields a body of knowledge that cannot be ignored; data that must form the foundation for further advance; and that render it possible to frame intelligently the questions for further investigation. The volume is a handbook of such knowledge. It sets forth the methods and results of investigations hitherto made on the relation of mental characteristics and personality to heredity and environmental influences. Methods of measuring intelligence and personality are treated with some fulness, together with accounts of the chief investigations made by their aid, and with judicious appraisal of their results. The study of twins, in which the problem of the interrelations of heredity and environment comes most sharply into focus, is dealt with fully; particularly the fundamental work of Newman on identical twins that have lived apart. Of great value are the summaries of studies of the resemblances and differences in members of families living under the same or diverse conditions, of the characteristics of adopted children, of unrelated children living together, and the like.

The detailed review of investigations leads to appraisal of the present situation of knowledge in these subjects. This will serve as an admonition to the patience on which sound science makes so great demands. It will disappoint those who wish immediate categorical answers to general questions. "In respect not only to personality, but to intelligence as well, we must conclude that the material which has been presented does not answer very specifically the questions which were proposed for solution." "The extreme conclusions frequently voiced by some 'Environmentalists,' on the one hand, or by extreme 'Hereditarians' on the other, do not find justification in the facts." "It is really not legitimate to ask: What is the relative importance of heredity and environment?" etc.

The book should be on the desk of every student of such matters. H. S. J.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Keats' Craftsmanship. M. R. Ridley. Oxford Univ. Pr. $5.50. *Patmore.* F. Page. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.25.

DRAMA

Uncle Tom's Cabin. Dramatized. A. E. Thomas. Appleton. $1

ECONOMICS

No More Unemployed. J. B. Cheadle, H. O. Eaton, and C. A. M. Ewing. Univ. of Oklahoma Pr. $1.35.

HISTORY

The Consulate and the Empire. L Madelin. Put. $5. *The Epic of Captain Scott.* M. Lindsay. Put. $1.50. *The Outbreak of War,* 1914. E. F. Benson. Put. $1.50.

INTERNATIONAL

Orient and Occident. H. Kuhn. Day. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Nature. M. D. R. Kovacs, M. D. Appleton. $2. *Elizabethan Book-Pirates.* C. B. Judge. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2.50. *The Practical Application of Investment Management.* D. C. Rose. Harper. $2.50. *Do You Know What Your Name Means?* F. H. Loughead. Glendale, Calif.: Clark. $5. *Money Changers vs. the New Deal.* H. E. Barnes. Long. $1. *Dare to Live.* G. Breitigam. New York: Falcon Pr. $2. *The Guilds of America.* H. Creange. New York: Guilds of America Foundation. *A Key to the Ulysses of James Joyce.* P. J. Smith. Covici. $1. *Nature Chats.* J. H. Furbay. Lancaster, Pa.: Science Press Printing Co. *The Great Lakes—St. Lawrence Deep Waterway to the Sea.* T. Ireland. Put. $2.

PAMPHLETS

The Financial System. T. Mack. London: Heywood.

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★

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Eugene Manlove Rhodes

By BERNARD DEVOTO

It is my destiny to read all the books that are written about the west. I have been working at it for a long time: it must be 20 years since I first encountered Eugene Manlove Rhodes' novels. I thought then that they must be the finest ever written about that strange and violent and beautiful era in American life, the years of the cattle trade. Since that early recognition I have read all the others and I know now that I was right; his are the best. A very great many men have tried to put that time into books. Only a few of them knew what they were talking about, and of these few not all had skill to match their knowledge. None of the best of them, I think, would question or resent the judgment that Gene Rhodes did the job better than they knew how.

Belief is a strange thing. I have heard it urged against Mr. Rhodes that his novels were "romantic"—and the term is explained as meaning that their stories are improbable. When will the profound understand that the west was an improbable country! They are not romantic to a westerner.

You realize his exquisite power of evoking that tremendous landscape. The effect is startling, it may be, even, improbable, but that is the landscape as it is and as no one else has succeeded in reproducing it—and, as one who has tried, none too hopefully, to put that selfsame landscape into type, I may claim to recognize authenticity when I meet it.

Well, the people and the stories of Gene Rhodes' books are no otherwise. These are the people who made that era, now over, and this is what they did. You will not hear one who knows the west calling Mr. Rhodes a romantic; you are more likely to hear him wondering why the romantic was not shot by this or that historic personage for recalling in print events that are live topics to a good many and uncomfortable, I imagine, to more than a few.

He is, of course, out of fashion, in that he prefers to write with wit and gusto and tenderness, qualities inappropriate to a cliche that currently makes the west our symbol of wasteland. But they are qualities of the man himself and of the time he records, the time he knows so intimately, and I prefer the probity that keeps them in his books.

Those are the qualities I have lingered on while reading "The Trusty Knaves"—its gusto, its tenderness and its wit.

I could call attention to the care and precision of its structure, the workmanship that would have the paragraphers all one glad hymn of admiration if by some chance so much skill ever got into a novel about a sensitive young artist who came to feel bitter and took up the Revolution.

Or I could mention the clear line of the story, the speed and ease with which it moves, the sureness of its telling, or the man's sheer style. But we Rhodesians take all that for granted, and this book is worthy to stand with its predecessors. I remember the first of Gene Rhodes' book I ever read, "The Little Eohippus." Twenty years between that book and this one—20 years of a fine art, an honesty and clarity of recording and a sureness of interpretation that no one else who has ever treated his subject has equalled. One isn't moved to say that sort of thing about many American writers of today.

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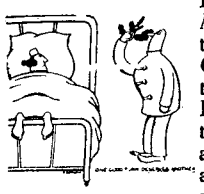
ENCORE!

FRANK SCULLY, *author of* FUN IN BED *and [in response to public clamor]*
MORE FUN IN BED

Sixteen years ago come Whitsuntide FRANCIS JOSEPH XAVIER SCULLY quit Park Row, where he made his living, and Columbia University, where he made his life, to fight for his health in Saranac, New York . . . Asheville, North Carolina . . . Tucson, Arizona and points west. Giving fate blow for blow, he soon became perhaps the most famous horizontal newspaperman in America, and with a courage that matched his unquenchable *élan vital* he carried on a brilliant career in the word business and a robust and hilarious correspondence with his friends.

Two years later the bludgeonings of chance and the counsel of specialists sent him to hospitals in Italy and Switzerland, and finally to *Villa Variety* on the Riviera—a home now famous on two continents as *The Bedside Manor*, for there he wrote and edited one of the most extraordinary best-sellers in *The Inner Sanctum's* checquered career—the Convalescent's Handbook, enticingly and yet with complete appropriateness entitled *Fun In Bed.*

These two paragraphs from an earlier issue of *The Inner Sanctum* are reprinted here to celebrate the fact that *Fun In Bed* is now definitely established as a staple industry, a consolatory and hilarious best seller for the years . . . and, furthermore, to proclaim the publication this week of its lusty sequel, equipped with free wheeling, knee action, Venus pencil and other Simmons and Schuster Bedside Manna Equipment, under the title *More Fun In Bed.*



Like its predecessor, *More Fun In Bed* is the Convalescent's Complete Handbook, the Gay Guide to the Horizontal Life. In these pages of prose and picture, poetry and play things, puzzles and panorama, FRANK SCULLY acts as master of ceremonies and has PETER ARNO, OTTO SOGLOW and LEONARD DOVE delighting tired eyes with their inspired impertinences. FRANK SULLIVAN explains *How To Shake A Thermometer.* PATRICIA COLLINGE disposes neatly of *Sickroom Visitors* and RING LARDNER contributes his immortal *Zone of Quiet.* OGDEN NASH, EDDIE CANTOR, DAVID FREEDMAN, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN and WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*return engagement*) add to the wisdom and merriment of this noble volume.

"*What can a sick man say,*" asked Samuel Johnson, "*except that he is sick?*" ANSWER: "Rush at once my copy of *More Fun In Bed.*"

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Duffield & Green have published in full Aeneas MacDonald's admirable little panegyric on *Whisky*, one chapter of which was once privately issued under the furtive imprint of Henry and Longwell, "publishers in petto, near the Cathedral, Garden City." ☞"Aeneas MacDonald" is an alias of a well-known Scottish writer whose other works are of an ecclesiastic nature. ☞Jay Hubbell, editor of *American Literature*, a quarterly published by Duke University, Durham, N. C., tells us that the January issue contains several contributions by Hawthorne to the *Salem Advertiser*, never before reprinted—and especially Hawthorne's review of *Typee*. ☞Among the pleasantest compliments paid this magazine lately was the establishment of *The Saturday Review* of Winnipeg, which uses almost a typographic facsimile of our front page heading. Good luck to it. ☞A correspondent once dug out of his files an old letter (1895) written on the letterhead of *The Saturday Review* of San Jose, California—"a weekly magazine for the times, Non-Sectarian, Non-Partisan. Edited by J. Herndon Garnett." Perhaps that *Saturday Review* has vanished, for the letter we saw was an application from the Manager to be Financial Manager of "Throop Institute." ☞Even the original *Saturday Review* of London, most famous of us all, has gone through various transformations. ☞We repeat that one of the most appreciated comments this journal ever received was the remark of Flodden W. Heron of San Francisco: "The day the paper arrives, I am anxious to get home to begin reading."

☞Speaking of San Jose, Calif., Old Quercus, diligent reader of publishers' notes, thought this one from the Macmillan Co. one of the best lately:—

> In March, 1892, two students of Leland Stanford University, who were working their way through college, decided to do something big for themselves, their school, and the town. They invited Paderewski to give a recital at San Jose. The terms arranged guaranteed a fee of $2,000 to the pianist.
>
> An unforeseen circumstance kept the box-office receipts down to $1,600; no one had noticed that the date of the concert fell in Holy Week. Deeply agitated, the boys asked Paderewski if he would accept their promissory note for the shortage. He refused. "Go out and pay off your rental and other local expenses and come back," Paderewski said. When they returned he made them deduct twenty per cent from their gross receipts. "Now," he said, "that is your share. I shall take the remainder."
>
> Paderewski, though he received only about half of the amount guaranteed him, had had his fun. And he won a friend who one day was to prove his gratitude. Herbert Hoover was one of the students who had sponsored the concert. Twenty-five years later Hoover helped Paderewski save the people of Poland from starvation.
>
> This incident Charles Phillips relates in his biography of the musician and statesman, *Paderewski.*

☞There was much press comment on Dean Gildersleeve's recent advice to Barnard College freshmen. But the point that struck ourselves was overlooked by most. "*Read a detective story before you go to bed. Don't read a good one, because you might keep on. Read a fourth-rate detective story.*" ☞There are always plenty of fourth-rates available. ☞One detective story lately (*The Thin Man*) has surely been overpraised? There must be some psychological reason for this?

☞F. B. Adams, Jr., renews the question raised here by W. S. H., what is the earliest appearance of the dust jacket on books? Mr. Adams writes:—

> I have on my shelves a copy of *The Hunting of the Snark* in original unused condition, in a dust jacket. The front of the jacket is simply typographical, giving the price, title, subtitle, author, and —very important—the date, 1876. It is apparently printed from the same plate as the title-page of the book. The spine bears the title and the back cover carries blurbs about *Alice*, about German, French, and Italian versions thereof (possibly a good way to induce a child to practice reading one of these languages), and about the *Looking-Glass*. The flaps (if that's the technical name?) are blank. This is certainly an early dust jacket but I'm sure by no means the earliest.

Incidentally, my copy carefully preserves Arthur Ruhl's *Finding of the Snark* which I clipped from the SRL last March 18th. The "solution" there given would have quite confounded Mr. Dodgson with its intricacy, and wise humor. The two (like *Ulysses* and Stuart Gilbert's trot) are now inseparable, and always shall be.

☞Mr. John S. Cleavinger of the School of Library Service, Columbia University, has written to us, apropos of our booklet, *Reviewing Ten Years:* "I know of nothing in America that has ever helped so substantially in the solving of the many perplexing problems of choosing books for libraries as has the *Saturday Review of Literature* in that period." ☞Mr. Cleavinger matches our anachronism in the *Little Women* talkie with another: "The children in Amy's school sing 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' while the Civil War is on; Bishop Brooks wrote it in 1868."

☞And now F. M. Clouter of Little, Brown points out a third solecism in the same movie: "At the marriage of Amy, the blessing of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is invoked—a phrase used in ceremonies of any of the Trinitarian denomination, but not among the Unitarians, which the Alcotts were." ☞And Quercus should have checked up earlier on that rumor that *Little Women* was running in the *Daily News*. It's in *The Mirror*, with Walter Winchell.

☞We have now seen three advertisements carrying the statement that *Ulysses* was "suppressed for twenty years," and we'd like to know if the publishers have never read the inscriptions in the Shakespeare and Co. editions. According to these, the first publication of *Ulysses* was in 1922; at the end of the text Joyce notes that the book was written between 1914 and 1921. Surely you can't suppress a book the minute an author begins to write it. ☞Ted Holliday has a quotable line for *Ulysses* in his new book list: "*Ulysses* bears about the same relation to the average novel that *The Divine Comedy* bears to Kipling's *If.*"

☞In announcing a prize of £1,000, offered by Dodd, Mead of New York and Cassell of London in an international novel competition, the condition is made that "no manuscript previously submitted to a publisher may be offered in the contest." It would be interesting to know how they are going to check up on this. We've heard of novelists pasting pages together, or putting them in the wrong order, to assure themselves that publishers had read every word of their efforts; but how it works the other way around we can't figure out. The contest closes for entries September 1.

☞Publishing paradox: *The Golden Book*, which specializes in reprints and second serials, has a scoop in a previously unpublished story and a previously unpublished poem of Stephen Crane, from one of his recently discovered notebooks. The story is called *The Holler Tree.* ☞*The Golden Book* also reports that Mary Roberts Rinehart once turned down the editorship of a big woman's magazine (the phrase is theirs, and if they mean it literally, one can see Mrs. Rinehart's point.) Anyway she is *The Golden Book's* guest editor for February.

☞Simmons & Schuster, bed mfgrs., druggists, and publishers, have issued *More Fun in Bed* ($2), presumably for incurables, since the first *Fun in Bed* had enough good stuff in it for the ordinary hospital siege. The new one is up to standard—i.e. highly recommended; only we wish they'd use better paper for the halftones.

☞One author for whom Old and Medium Quercus strive hard to outdo each other in enthusiasm is Dorothy Sayers. They've both been having a swell time with her best mystery to date, *The Nine Tailors*, coming February 18. ☞Since Miss Sayers is too good a writer to turn them out as often as would satisfy the Quercuses, they announce a campaign for the re-issue of her first two books, both of them out of print, and neither of them obtainable at their favorite second-hand book emporia. How about it, Mr. Harcourt? The titles are *Whose Body?* and *Clouds of Witnesses*, both, we believe, Peter Wimsey stories.

The AMEN CORNER

"To relish a love-song like a robin red-breast"[1]

is a fairly simple-looking quotation, and most readers of Shakespeare must have thought that they understood it. The Oxonian admits that he did until he found Sir William Craigie using it as an instance of how the great *Oxford English Dictionary* has not only cleared up many obscure passages in older writers, but actually given most unexpected meanings to passages which seemed too obvious to require explanation. As Sir William points out, "the significance of the phrase appears only when it is proved that a 'relish' was a grace or embellishment in music, and that to 'relish' meant to sing or warble in some special manner!"

This and many other interesting bits we have just gathered, along with an insight into the amazingly ingenious way in which the staggering amount of material for the *Dictionary* was gathered and prepared, from a beautiful little pamphlet, elegantly printed in black and red, called

The
OXFORD ENGLISH
DICTIONARY
A Short Account
With Some Personal Reminiscences
by
SIR WILLIAM CRAIGIE

which we got free from the Oxford University Press[2] and which they will send you free too if you drop them a post card. It is well worth reading and preserving, and it will cost you nothing.

We ourselves have been so pleased with it that we have hardly left room to talk about what we intended to be our real subject—the late H. W. Fowler and his works. He was the co-editor with his brother of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*[3] ("Probably nothing and nobody is indispensable except, of course, the new edition of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary,*" Arnold Bennett once said), and co-author of *The King's English,*[4] but he was sole author of the inimitable *Modern English Usage,*[5] which, as the *New York Herald Tribune* said in an editorial, "is probably the one book about words readable from first page to last for entertainment as well as guidance."

But don't start to browse in it if you haven't time. In this fascinating book, one thing leads to another.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in the *Oxford Shakespeare* in one vol., $2.00. (2) 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (3) $3.00. (4) $2.25. (5) $3.25.

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Sundry Yesterdays

NINETEEN THIRTY-FOUR will signalize—in one instance has already signalized—the centennials of four such disparate figures as Horatio Alger, Jr., Charles Farrar Browne (Artemus Ward), Frank R. Stockton, and James Abbott McNeill Whistler. Alger's anniversary date fell on January 13th—those of the other three are, respectively, April 26th, April 5th, and July 10th.

Thus much was demonstrated by a casual inspection of Merle Johnson's "American First Editions" and B. M. Fullerton's "Selective Bibliography of American Literature," and the adventitious discovery prompted further research. What inferentially collectible American books—books, at all events, listed by Messrs. Johnson and Fullerton—were originally published five, ten, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred years ago? To find ten titles in each of the first four classifications was easy. The fourth proved more of an undertaking than the undertaker had bargained for. Eighteen thirty-four was pretty much of an off-year in American letters. It required a thorough threshing of both manuals to glean ten titles, and most of the ten are weak sisters.

The lists here given are not intended to prove anything. It would be nice if they did, and it is not the compiler's fault, or Mr. Johnson's or Mr. Fullerton's, that they do not. The only Great Truth that sticks its head up out of the data is that an anniversary, at best and at worst, is a poor, helpless, arbitrary thing.

1929

Sherwood Anderson: Hello Towns!
Thomas Beer: Hanna
Roark Bradford: This Side of Jordan
Donn Byrne: Field of Honor
Emily Dickinson: Further Poems
Theodore Dreiser: A Gallery of Women
Zona Gale: Borgia
Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms
Sinclair Lewis: Dodsworth
Edwin Arlington Robinson: Cavender's House

1924

Louis Bromfield: The Green Bay Tree
William Faulkner: The Marble Faun
Edna Ferber: So Big
Joseph Hergesheimer: Balisand
Robinson Jeffers: Tamar
Rockwell Kent: Voyaging Southward from the Straits of Magellan
Ring Lardner: How to Write Short Stories
Eugene O'Neill: All God's Chillun Got Wings
Glenway Westcott: The Apple of the Eye
Edith Wharton: Old New York

1909

Ambrose Bierce: Write It Right
James Branch Cabell: The Cords of Vanity
Hamlin Garland: The Mocassin Ranch
Ellen Glasgow: The Romance of a Plain Man
James Huneker: Egoists
Jack London: Martin Eden
William Vaughn Moody: The Great Divide
Thomas Nelson Page: John Marvel, Assistant
O. Henry: Roads of Destiny
F. Hopkinson Smith: Forty Minutes Late

1884

Henry Cuyler Bunner: Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere
George W. Cable: The Creoles of Louisiana
Louise Imogen Guiney: Songs at the Start
Joel Chandler Harris: Mingo
John Hay: The Breadwinners
Lafcadio Hearn: Strange Leaves from Strange Literature
Henry James: Tales of Three Cities
Sarah Orne Jewett: A Country Doctor
Edgar Saltus: Balzac
Frank R. Stockton: The Lady, or the Tiger?

1834

Robert Montgomery Bird: Calavar, or, the Knight of the Conquest
William Cullen Bryant: Poems (reissue; some new material)
William Alexander Carruthers: The Cavaliers of Virginia
James Fenimore Cooper: A Letter to His Countrymen
William Leggett: Naval Stories
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: Outre-Mer (Part II)
Albert Pike: Prose Sketches and Poems Written in the Western Country
Lydia Huntley Sigourney: Poems
William Gilmore Simms: Guy Rivers: A Tale of Georgia
Harriet Beecher (Stowe): A New England Sketch J. T. W.

Bridges Bibliography

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT BRIDGES. By George L. McKay. New York: Columbia University Press. 1933. $7.50.

MR. McKAY'S bibliography of Robert Bridges is an excellent example of what a printed bibliography should be, and contains several novel features. In the first place it is a book of convenient size—small octavo—printed on stout wove paper of mellow color. Then it is set in an unobtrusive type-face of relatively small size. The margins are ample for annotation. The binding is sufficiently stout. And finally the arrangement of the material is orderly and intelligent. If one might make suggestions they would be that the book should have been full trimmed for convenience in handling, and the stamping on the spine should have been across the book instead of up and down, for ease in finding on the shelf.

The printing of bibliographies is no place for whimsy and ostentation in typography. Such books are intended for use, and the format should be such as to help the reader in every possible way. In particular, a large size and ornamental display of type are always to be avoided. And paper and binding should be such as to make the book easily handled on a table crowded with books. On every score save that of trimmed edges, this book is a comfortable book to use.

The arrangement of material is good. Titles are uniformly set in capitals, the other words on the title-page being in small capitals. Collation and notes are properly grouped in paragraphs below, and the small type size permits of a considerable amount of matter on each page—another desideratum in bibliographies. In the descriptions it has been a general rule to print in roman type all matter quoted from the items described, and to print the editor's additional matter in italics—a simple and convenient arrangement.

There is a frontispiece portrait of Bridges, and two indices. Five hundred and fifty copies have been printed.

R.

Smallest Book in the World

WHAT is called the smallest book in the world has been issued by Eben F. Thompson of the Commonwealth Press, Worcester, Mass. It measures 6x8 mm., and weights 1¼ grains. It is printed from photo-engraved plates made from type-set originals. The text is the "Rose Garden of Omar Khayyam." The book is sold in a set which includes a magnifying glass, a proof sheet of the book, a "mother book" measuring 5x6 inches, and a description of small books in general. The price for the set is $55.00.

R.

The Golden Cockerel Press, established in 1921 by Harold M. Taylor, later managed by Robert Gibbings, has now been taken over by Christopher Sandford and F. J. Newberry. Established at Waltham St. Lawrence in Berkshire, it will henceforth be conducted from 10 Staple Inn, Holborn, London.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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WANTED:—By a capable, attractive, mature graduate nurse-typist, a position as office assistant to a non-surgical doctor who can appreciate good service and pay for it. Box 471.

YOUNG LADY hopes some interesting gentleman, scanning this column, will write her. She hopes (but not essential) he is a college graduate, and please, a sense of humor! Box 473.

ARE YOU too busy to make a MILLION DOLLARS? I am busy, but not THAT busy. Have you forty thousand dollars? I haven't, but I have a million dollar idea (patent pending). Address California Engineer, Box 474.

INTELLECTUAL young man (27), with family background and good education, who has lived in Hamburg, London, Paris and resides now in New York, who has had wide travelling experience, and who knows how to handle cars, horses and dogs well, would like to become companion to couple, gentleman or lady. Box 475.

ESTABLISHED "Little" magazine needs several associate editors to contribute $10 monthly. Box 476.

VIRGINIAN—Your reply received too late. Try again. O. Henry.

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DAISY:—You are mistaken, dear. Of course, Leslie and Rosy are girls' names, but here they refer to big, strong fighting-men, eager for a battle, whether right or wrong. Have faith and do not return my letters unopened. G.

VARIETY prints: "The Book Collectors Association has been organized for protection from each other, as well as from dealers." It is to be hoped that they investigate the fake "Spensers" and "Shake-speares." George Frisbee.

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WIDE-AWAKE, amiable young woman of refinement, with 3 years' secretarial experience, desiring literary environment, seeks position with writer or in bookshop. Jessica.

YOUNG Philosophical—So weary of heartaches, coffee-ands, trying to see through and portray insight in art. Wants to relax and JUST DRIFT for a while. Where? Hamlet.

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